THE PRIVATE SCHOOL CONTROVERSY

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Saturday Review

BY:

JAMES B. CONANT
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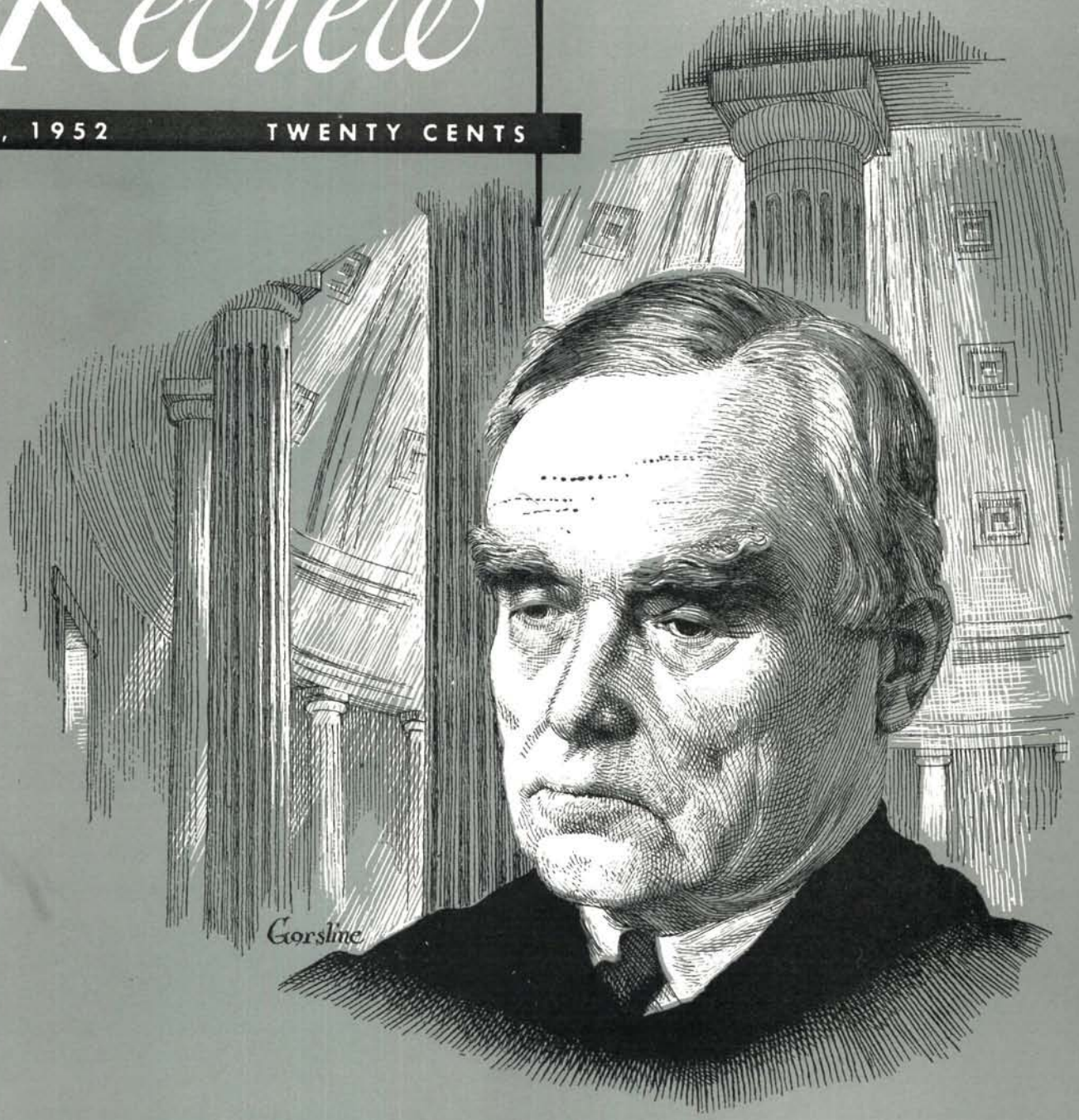
MAY 3, 1952 TWENTY CENTS



Learned Hand, author of "The Spirit of Liberty." *(See page 16)*

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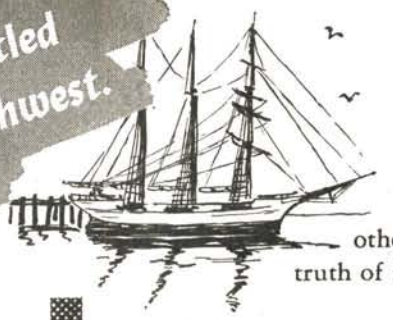

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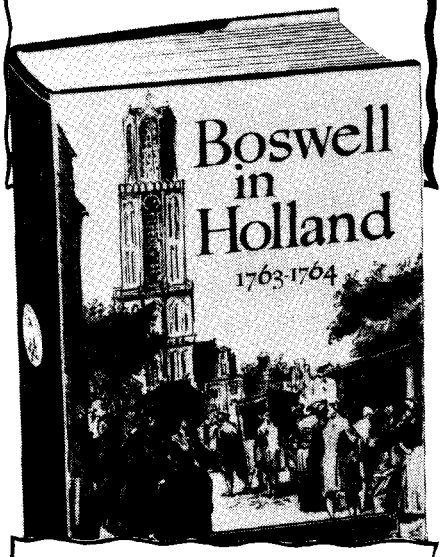

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SR/IDEAS

Page

THE PRIVATE SCHOOL CONTROVERSY
1. THE THREAT OF THE PRIVATE SCHOOL, by James B. Conant 11
2. THE CASE FOR RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS, by Archbishop Richard J. Cushing 14
3. A CALL FOR DIVERSITY, by Allan V. Heely 15

EDITORIAL 24

SR/BOOKS

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY, by Learned Hand
Reviewed by Richard B. Morris 16

THE FARMER TAKES A HAND, by Marquis Childs
Reviewed by E. W. Lehmann 17

COTTRELL, SAMARITAN OF SCIENCE, by Frank Cameron
Reviewed by Boyden Sparkes 18

ALEXANDER POPE, by Bonamy Dobrée
ALEXANDER POPE, CATHOLIC POET, by Francis B. Thornton
POPE AND HIS CRITICS, by W. L. MacDonald
POPE AND THE HEROIC TRADITION, by Douglas Knight
Reviewed by Robert Halsband 19

WILKIE COLLINS, by Kenneth Robinson
Reviewed by John T. Winterich 20

LESLIE STEPHEN, by Noel Gilroy Annan
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 21

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE, by Taylor Caldwell
Reviewed by Harrison Smith 22

THE HOUSES IN BETWEEN, by Howard Spring
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster 23

HIGH VICTORIAN DESIGN, by Nikolaus Pevsner
ENGLISH COUNTRY POTTERY, by Reginald Haggar
ENGLISH TABLEGLASS, by E. M. Elville
Reviewed by Riene L. Howell 34

EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE, by Hugh Morrison
Reviewed by Wayne Andrews 35

HOW TO UNDERSTAND MODERN ART, by George A. Flanagan
Reviewed by Elaine de Kooning 36

A LAMP FOR NIGHTFALL, by Erskine Caldwell
Reviewed by Oliver Harrison 37

REFUGEES OF REVOLUTION, by Carl F. Wittke
Reviewed by Claude M. Fuess 46

HOW WE ELECT OUR PRESIDENTS, by Will Rogers
Reviewed by John T. Winterich 46

SR/THE ARTS

SEEING THINGS: ON READING REVIEWS, by John Mason Brown 28
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes 30
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Arthur Knight 31
TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon 32
MUSIC TO MY EARS, by Irving Kolodin 33

SR/DEPARTMENTS

GOOD NEWS 5
TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf 6
LITERARY CRYPT 18
LITERARY I.Q. 23
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 26
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton 40
NEW EDITIONS, by Ben Ray Redman 45
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 47
DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 945 51

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Good News

▸ An annual prize for the person who has, by his writings, made a substantial contribution in the field of civil liberties during the previous year is soon to be awarded by the Authors' Guild of the Authors' League of America. The prize is known as The Lauterbach Award, in honor of the late Richard E. Lauterbach, who dedicated himself to the fight for civil liberties, working especially hard to counter what he called "the climate of censorship." The amount of the award will be at least $1,000, made up of sums pledged by the 3,000 members of the Guild. It will be given for a novel, an article, a poem, an editorial, a broadcast, a judge's decision, or even a letter best expressing the struggle for human understanding and the rights of free men.

▸ The fortune left by the late yeast king, Max C. Fleischmann, has been appraised at $73,361,273.78. Mr. Fleischmann willed that all but about $1,000,000 of his estate go toward the betterment of mankind.

▸ The complete score of a long-forgotten opera, "Infedelta Delusa," by Joseph Haydn, has been discovered in the old home of the Esterhazy family in Hungary. The Hungarian Government Information Service reported that according to existing records the music has been given only one performance so far—back in the eighteenth century, when Empress Maria Theresa visited the Esterhazy estates.

▸ An annual award in the name of William Allen White for a children's book was announced by David L. MacFarlane, president of Emporia State Teachers College, at the dedication ceremonies for the new $850,000 William Allen White Memorial Library at Emporia State. The award will be sponsored by the White Memorial Library. The actual choosing of the book will be done by the school children of Kansas from a list of about twenty-five books submitted by a selection committee.

▸ Life begins at ninety-five. A hardware store merchant of Butler, Pa., recently applied for a Social Security card at the age of ninety-five. "Never had any use for one before," he said, "but I guess I'll have to retire pretty soon."

▸ Mrs. Toy Len Goon, widowed Chinese mother of eight children, who operates a laundry in Portland, Maine, has been named Maine's "Mother of the Year."

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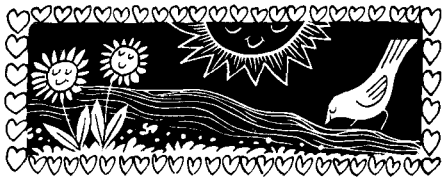
TRADE Winds

IT IS JUST TWO YEARS—May 4, 1950, was the date—since William Rose Benét died suddenly of a heart attack in New York City. His colleagues on *The Saturday Review* have not reconciled themselves to the absence of his mellow, friendly personality and his always-wise and moderate counsel. The readers of his weekly column, THE PHOENIX NEST,



miss him more still. Letters arrive regularly bemoaning his loss, and asking, "When are you going to find somebody to rattle around in Bill Benét's shoes and revive his department in the *Review?*"

That's a question the editors must answer. It's not my province. As a modest tribute, however, to the memory of Bill Benét, Pulitzer Prize poet, editor, and gentleman, this one TRADE WINDS column will be devoted to matters once handled so adroitly in the old PHOENIX NEST.

SINGLE LINES OF POETRY often haunt people who cannot trace them to their source. Joshua Logan, the famous stage director and co-author of the Broadway hits "South Pacific" and "Mr. Roberts," for instance, simply couldn't remember where he had read the line "Have you got a little brook in your heart?" The suggestion that it might be from a poem by Emily Dickinson infuriated that eminent Dickinson authority, Robert N. Linscott. He was even more infuriated when he discovered the suggestion to be correct. Here is the complete poem:

Have you got a little brook in your heart,
Where bashful flowers grow,
And blushing birds go down to drink,
And shadows tremble so?

And nobody knows, so still it flows,
That any brook is there;
And yet your little draught of life
Is daily drunken there.

Then look out for the little brook in March,
When the rivers overflow,
And the snows come hurrying from the hills,
And the bridges often go.

And later, in August it may be,
When the meadows parching lie,
Beware lest this little brook of life
Some burning noon go dry.

"In extenuation of Emily," Linscott hastens to explain, "I must add that her handwriting was abominable, her first editor incompetent, and the text, therefore, vastly corrupt. Emily, even at her coyest and worst, wouldn't have committed the sin of 'blushing birds'."

WHEN SOME UNFEELING scoundrel in Arkansas vamoosed with State Senator William Abington's favorite hunting dog, the eighty-one-year-old solon was so moved he stomped to the rostrum and recited to his colleagues the famous poem beginning:

Every time I come to town,
The boys keep kickin' my dawg aroun'.
Makes no diff'rence if he is a houn'
They gotta quit kickin' my dawg aroun'.

At the end of the recital there wasn't a dry eye in the hall, and the Senator, pressing his advantage, promptly proposed a bill to make dog theft a felony instead of a paltry misdemeanor in the sovereign state of Arkansas. When the bill was put to a vote, reports *Time,* Senator

Abington's confreres were ready for the test. "Abington," cried the clerk, beginning the roll call. "Aye," thundered the Senator. His was the last human sound for quite a spell. The next Senator voted "woof," the one after him, "arf," the next two imitated the mellifluous Voice of Bugle Ann. It was an amazing oc-cur-rence. After the last legislative yip, the presiding officer ruled that the bill had passed unanimously, and a group of Arkansas's finest, satisfied that they had done a good day's work,

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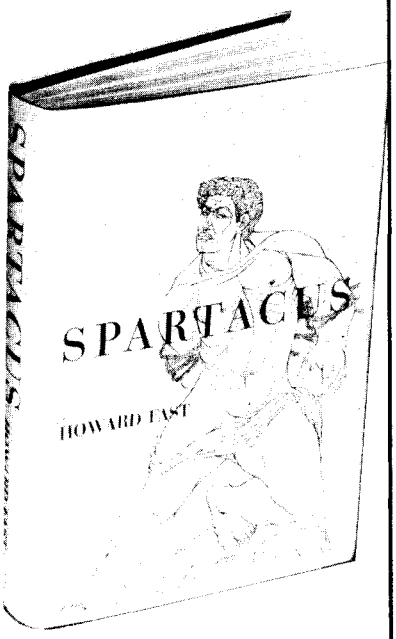

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wooed the muse still further by joining in the chorus of the old popular song:

Woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof:
Has anybody here seen Rover? . . .

ROBERT GRAVES ONCE WROTE A poem that every aspiring young writer ought to frame and hang directly over his desk. It is called "A Pinch of Salt":

When a dream is born in you
With a sudden clamorous pain,
When you know the dream is true
And lovely, with no flaw nor stain,
O then, be careful, or with sudden clutch
You'll hurt the delicate thing you prize so much.

Dreams are like a bird that mocks,
Flirting the feathers of his tail.
When you seize at the salt-box,
Over the hedge you'll see him sail.

Old birds are neither caught with salt nor chaff:
They watch you from the apple bough and laugh.

Poet, never chase your dream.
Laugh yourself, and turn away.
Mask your hunger, let it seem
Small matter if he come or stay.
But when he nestles in your hand at last,
Close up your fingers tight and hold him fast.

PARAGRAPHER BILL FEATHER and the Queries Editor of *The New York Times* are both seeking the authorship and title of this wry rhyme: "Those

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achieving sainthood/ Tasted sinning first;/ Drained the cup of pleasure,/ Finding it accursed./ Many seeking heaven/ Cannot enter in/ Because of curiosity/ About untasted sin." . . . Richard Armour, of Scripps College in California, observes: "This I have found, and still am finding,/ From visiting in many homes:/ When verse is bound/ in leather binding,/ and leather's limp, so are the pomes." . . . And Ian M. Freeman, of Rutgers, upon reading that the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters had adopted a self-imposed "code of good practice," frowning alike on plunging necklines and barnyard humor, was inspired to dash off the following:

Curb that sight gag, mind that bright tag
Warns the N.A.R.T.B.
Skelton's pratfalls merit catcalls,
Is their contant threnody.

And *you're* guilty, Uncle Milty —
Mind the N.A.R.T.B.
Watch that gimmick, clown or mimic,
Lest you breach propriety.

Necklines plunging we're expunging,
Says the N.A.R.T.B.
Keep it moral, video-aural;
Shun, as well, anatomy.

Dress rehearsal, cig commercial—
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Toward the risque, or they'll risk a
Slap from N.A.R.T.B.

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Have no place on your TV.
These things hurt you, menace virtue —
Quoth the N.A.R.T.B. . . .

"WHAT'S HAPPENED TO the young poets and novelists of the day?" demands a gentleman from Indiana querulously. "They're all calamity howlers. There's no joy left in them. I don't subscribe to that 'all's well with the world' stuff, but it's possible to be too all-fired pessimistic as well. Reminds me of a night at the 'Last Chance' saloon when I was prospecting as a young feller. It was snowing like all get-out, and a tramp shambled in to warm himself—and possibly cadge a drink or two. He huddled by the stove and promptly fell asleep. A customer at the bar—one of those 'life of the party' boys—picked up a chunk of overripe limburger cheese and rubbed it across the stubble on the poor tramp's upper lip. The tramp awoke, sniffed, and headed hastily out into the night. He was back in three minutes. 'Men,' he proclaimed, 'the whole world smells to heaven'."

—Bennett Cerf.

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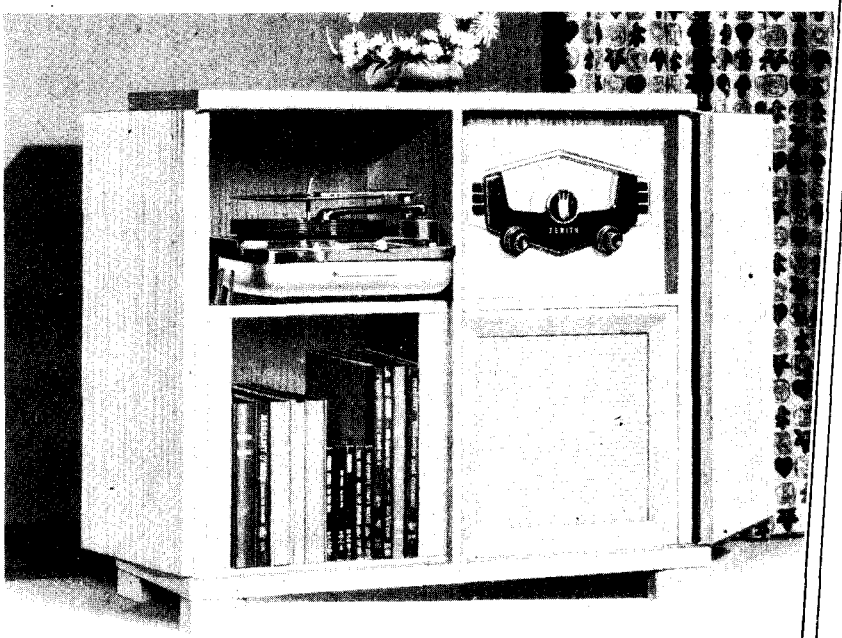

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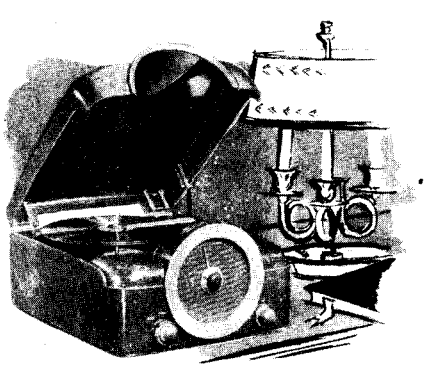

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The Saturday Review

MAY 3, 1952

The Private School Controversy

1. Education: Engine of Democracy

By JAMES B. CONANT

James B. Conant

OUR American system of tax-supported schools is essentially unique in several respects, but people are inclined to take for granted certain assumptions that underlie the development of our public schools. They realize all too little what would be the consequences of drastic alterations and are, therefore, too complacent about some types of hostile criticism; they are too little willing to make the sacrifices required to maintain our schools as effective instruments of our democracy. Those involved directly with public schools themselves are at times perhaps unaware of certain challenges and reluctant to make adjustments required by these challenges. If I appear somewhat critical of one phase of secondary education, I trust that no one will misunderstand me. I hope that it is unnecessary for me to spend any time reaffirming my deep conviction that the expansion of our free tax-supported schools in this country has been an essential element in our national life.

The doctrine of equality of which De Tocqueville wrote so long ago in his report on America has come to mean in the United States not parity of status for adults but equality of opportunity for children. The vast expansion of secondary education in this nation has created a new engine of democracy; it is of the utmost importance how this engine is to operate in the future. If we so desire it can be used to restore fluidity to our social and economic life each generation and in so doing make available for the national welfare reservoirs of potential talent now untapped. At the same time, by stressing the democratic elements in our school life and the comprehensive features of our organization, we can promote the social and political ideals necessary for the harmonious functioning of an economic system based on private ownership but committed to the ideals of social justice.

We desire on the one hand to provide through our schools unity in our national life. On the other we seek the diversity that comes from freedom of action and expression by small groups of citizens. We look with disfavor on any monolithic type of educational structure; we shrink from any idea of regimentation or uniformity as to the details of the many phases of secondary education. Unity we can achieve if our public schools remain the primary vehicle for the education of our youth, and if as far as possible all the youth of a community attend the same school irrespective of family fortune or cultural background. Diversity in experimentation we maintain by continued emphasis on the concept of local responsibility for our schools.

Both these ideas are to a considerable degree novel in the United States; a combination of them is to be found nowhere else in the world. Let me, therefore, remind you of the other approaches to education found in the closely related cultures of other English-speaking nations.

When I visited Australia last summer I discovered what was to me an amazing phenomenon: a sharp dual system of education, many private independent schools, and a centrally controlled state system of free education. Though we have much in common in our educational practices, this dual system serves to place in sharp contrast our American scheme. Let me make it plain that I am not criticizing the educators of the Antipodes. Education is not an exportable commodity. What is a good system for one type of society may not be good for another. Nevertheless, it is interesting to see how several ways of accomplishing the same objective may be arranged.

NOWHERE in the world today does the Protestant private school flourish as it does in several Australian states; this on a continent more recently settled than North America and in a society famous for its labor governments and its concern for social welfare. In two of the large Australian

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last month President James B. Conant of Harvard University, speaking before the American Association of School Administrators, strongly criticized the role of the independent school in American life. His remarks have since been bitterly attacked and spiritedly defended by educational and religious leaders throughout the country. Because* SR *believes the question raised by Dr. Conant to be one of the most important of our time, it publishes his address in full, together with comments on it by two critics of his position: The Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston, and Allan V. Heely, headmaster of Lawrenceville School and author of "Why the Private School?"*

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states there are more students sixteen to seventeen years of age enrolled in private schools than in tax-supported schools. This is no new phenomenon. Quite the contrary. The tradition of the great public schools of England (public in the British sense, not ours) —the tradition of Winchester, Eton, Harrow—was brought to Australia in the mid-nineteenth century. This tradition, somewhat modified, has flourished there ever since. As a consequence there is in Australia a dual system of secondary education.

What are the factors that have favored this duality in education? From my observation there are two: first, the firm belief on the part of many Australians that secondary education should not be divorced from formal religious instruction; second, the fact that there are large urban centers in each Australian state. (In spite of the size of the continent and the statistically thin population, half the inhabitants live in large cities.) The private schools are situated with few exceptions in the large metropolitan areas (Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide); unlike the English public schools, they are not primarily boarding schools but rather day schools with a nucleus of boarders. The tuition has consequently been kept relatively low and the range of income groups of the families patronizing them is fairly broad. In each capital city there is a group of more or less competing schools, each with church connections; there are Church of England schools, Methodist schools, Presbyterian schools, Catholic schools. These schools in some states are attended by students who receive state scholarships, but for the most part the schools are privately financed. The students who go on to a university (about half the graduates) must all jump the same academic hurdles. So the state to a surprising degree controls the curriculum; there is pedagogic uniformity coupled with social diversity—almost the exact reverse of the American situation.

Diversity in American secondary education is assured by our insistence on the doctrine of local control. We have no restrictions on the variety of approaches to secondary education presented by our thousands of local boards. Indeed, to an outsider I should think our diversity would look like educational chaos. But this is a characteristic of our flexible, decentralized concept of democracy. The time may conceivably come when a state or the Federal Government may jeopardize this concept, but as far as secondary education is concerned I do not detect any danger signals in that direction now. The NYA threat which was real in the 1930's has almost been forgotten.

I do believe, however, that there is some reason to fear lest a dual system of secondary education may in some states, at least, come to threaten the democratic unity provided by our public schools. I refer to the desire of some people to increase the scope and number of private schools. At present the proponents of such a movement are often not outspoken in their demands, but a dual system of schools with tax money flowing in some form to private schools seems to be a possibility in some people's minds. In this connection I think it is only fair to insist that the critics of our public schools should make clear their stand on two important points. To each one who attacks our public schools I would ask the simple question: "Would you like to increase the number and scope of the private schools?" If the candid answer is in the affirmative I would then ask a second question: "Do you look forward to the day when tax money will directly or indirectly assist these schools?" If the answer is again in the affirmative the lines have been clearly drawn and a rational debate on a vital issue can proceed.

NEEDLESS to say I would find myself on the opposite side from this hypothetical candid critic of public education. But what I am more concerned with in the year 1952 is to make the hostile critics of the public schools in the United States show their colors. One of the most vocal of these is a Protestant clergyman who reveals himself when he writes: "The Communist is not, as a matter of fact, much of a revolutionist. The Communist would only substitute the logical secularism of Karl Marx for the pragmatic secularism of John Dewey." If this clergyman would start off all his attacks on modern education by stating that for him secularism and Communism are equal dangers the reader would be in a better position to evaluate what he was about to read—or he might decide to skip it altogether.

There are many sincere Protestants, Jews, and Catholics who believe that secondary education divorced from a denominational religious core of instruction is bad education. They erroneously assume that the tax-supported schools are not concerned with moral and spiritual values. This is essentially the point of view of the headmasters of the Australian private schools. Now, that such people have a right to organize their own schools I do not question. The United States Supreme Court settled the law on that point in the famous Oregon Case of 1926. But I do question the honesty of their tactics when they attack the public schools in an attempt to undermine confidence in secular education.

I am well aware that in several English-speaking nations public funds are used to assist church-connected schools. This is the practice in England, Scotland, and to some degree in some Australian states. Whether the state and the church or churches can develop a working arrangement that prevents a state control of the church or church control of the state is another story. My concern is with the United States. We do not have and have never had an established church. To my mind our schools should serve all creeds. The greater the proportion of our youth who attend independent schools, the greater the threat to our democratic unity. Therefore, to use taxpayers' money to assist such a move is, for me, to suggest that American society use its own hands to destroy itself.

In some of our large Western cities

Discovery

By Elizabeth K. P. Stokes

WANT to see me touch a turtle?"
—Strutting Master of Timid World,
Bread-and-Milk Wonder,
Descends upon the turtle
With courage of commando,
Yet with fastidiousness, too,
As a rakish cap goes to battle.
Pouf! For the turtle!
Fat finger advances! Retreats!
Lagging feet hasten
The ascending beat
Of his strident voice,
Sidling from enemy flank:
"Do you want to see me?
"*. . . want to see me?*"
See you lack of confidence
Conquer more than you think?
"Surrender!" From the tank
Of crawling horror
A beaded head thrusts
And is met: By fading falsetto:
"Do you want to see me?
"All right, if you don't, I . . ."
And he captures
His first alibi,
"All right, if you don't,"
He trails off, and
Pondering discovery of
Formula invaluable,
Salutes!
Victor general to turtle.

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private schools are today attracting an increasing number of the sons and daughters of the well-to-do. To offset this, here in New England there seems to be a reverse tendency for fathers who attended private schools to send their children to public schools. Where the national balance lies no one can say. But I cannot help regretting that private schools have been established in the last twenty years in certain urban areas where a generation ago a public high school served *all* the youth of the town or city.

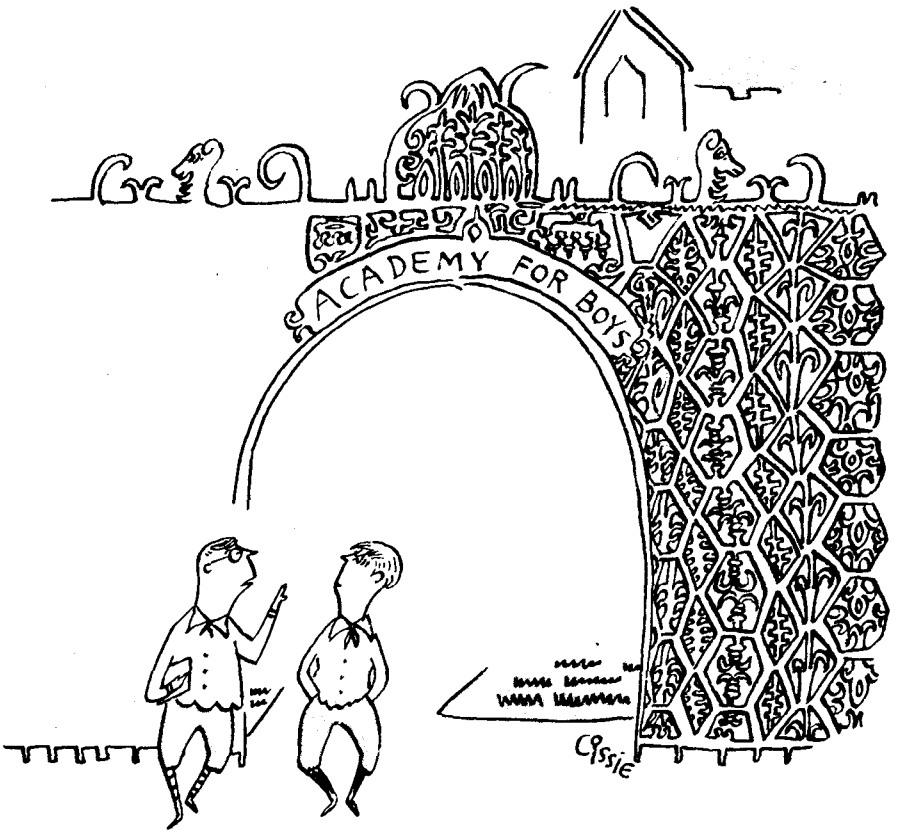
There is no use for us who are emotionally committed to public schools as schools for all to denounce or bemoan the growth of private schools. The founding of a new independent school in a locality is a challenge to those connected with public education. Granted the "snob aspect" of some of these new independent schools, nevertheless, I feel sure that in many cases they would never have come into existence if the management of the local high school had been wiser. Education is a social process. This is a free country and people will not be pushed around by educators. What is required is for those concerned to improve the high schools; public school administrators must recognize the validity of some of the criticisms now directed against them in terms of the failure of the high school to provide adequate education for the gifted. The problem is especially acute in metropolitan areas. The success of the private school in Australian cities should be a reminder of where we may be headed.

In terms of numbers involved the dual nature of our present system may seem slight—92 per cent of our secondary school pupils are in public schools. In terms of a stratification of society on economic and religious lines, however, the duality is marked indeed. In socio-economic terms we are not as far from the English public school system as we sometimes like to think. Chancellor McConnell of the University of Buffalo, reporting on English education, notes the predominance of public school graduates (in the English sense) over grammar school graduates in the entrants to Oxford in 1948. A half dozen of the best-known Eastern colleges in the United States would show a similar social phenomenon; they enroll something like half their students from private Protestant schools which encompass only a few per cent of an entire age group. But it is only fair to point out that these same colleges have been trying desperately hard in the last twenty-five years to attract a larger number of public high-school graduates, particularly from various regions of the country. They aim to be national in terms of geography and representative of all income groups; that they have to some degree succeeded in moving nearer their goal is, to me, a hopeful sign.

What is the basic objection to a dual system of education, you may ask? Or put it the other way around: what are the advantages of free schools for all? To ask these questions is almost to give the answers. If one accepts the ideal of a democratic, fluid society with a minimum of class distinction, the maximum of fluidity, the maximum of understanding between different vocational groups, then the ideal secondary school is a comprehensive public high school. If one has doubts about the ability of secular schools to promote the growth of moral and spiritual values, then these doubts must be weighed against the democratic objectives I have just listed. Similarly, if a family questions the ability of a high school to prepare a gifted boy adequately for university work, the family will have to balance these misgivings against the advantages to the boy of mixing with all sorts of people when he is young.

OF this much there can be no doubt. A society which wished generation after generation to perpetuate class distinctions based on hereditary status would certainly demand a dual system of schools; so too would a society like that in the Province of Quebec which wishes to perpetuate two different cultural groups. A dual system serves and helps to maintain group cleavages, the absence of a dual system does the reverse. This is particularly true of the secondary schools. Indeed, I would plead with those who insist on sending their children to denominational schools that they might limit their insistence on this type of education to the elementary years.

Our liberties will only be secure in the hands of the people, Jefferson declared, and in the hands of the people with a certain "degree of instruction." This belief coupled with the doctrine of equality has led to an enormous expansion of secondary school and college enrollment in the United States. With this expansion has come, by necessity, revolutionary changes in the curriculum of the schools. Unless one is prepared to maintain the thesis that there should be one type of general education for the well-to-do, another for the poor, there can be no retreat from the present position. And let me make it clear I advocate no retreat. Furthermore, in suggesting a greater emphasis on the identification of the scholastically gifted and their education in languages and mathematics, I have by no means repudiated the movement that has led to the liberalizing of our high-school curriculum. Quite the contrary, I believe this movement should spread,



"Just wait until I graduate and write a book about this school!"

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for there are far too many public secondary schools today that are trying to use a program suitable for the intellectual development of a few as the basis of the general education of the many. There is too little effort made to develop the course in what has been called "common learnings" now used in only a few schools.

By organizing our free schools on as comprehensive a basis as possible we can continue to give our children an understanding of democracy by practising it in school. Religious tolerance, mutual respect among vocational groups, belief in the rights of the individual are among the virtues that the best of our high schools now foster. An understanding of the political machinery of our federal union, of the significance of the Anglo-Saxon tradition of the common law, the distinction between decisions arrived at by "due process" and those obtained by social pressures—by duress—all this is now being achieved to some degree in the free public schools of this country.

WHAT the great public schools of England accomplished for the future governing class of that nation in the nineteenth century the American high school is now attempting to accomplish for those who govern the United States, namely all the people. A system of schools where the future doctor, lawyer, professor, politician, banker, industrial executive, labor leader, and manual worker have gone to school together at age fifteen to seventeen is something that exists nowhere in the world outside of the United States. That such schools should be maintained and made even more democratic and comprehensive seems to me to be essential for the future of this republic. The false antithesis between education for the gifted and education for *all* American youth must be resolved. If this can be accomplished, then one demand for a further increase in private independent education will largely disappear.

The growth of free public high schools in this country would indicate to me that public opinion in the United States has been committed to a single, not a dual system of education. The history of the rest of this century will prove whether or not the commitment is irrevocable. The verdict will depend in no small measure on whether the comprehensive public school can win a wide support. I believe that such support will be forthcoming. In short, the answer to the question, "Can we have both unity and diversity in secondary education,?" is that we can and that we must.

2. *The Case for Religious Schools*

ARCHBISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING

—*Boris*

Richard J. Cushing

DOCTOR Conant's statement is a sign of the times. To those who seek the imposition on all citizens, in the name of something which they call "democracy," of a single state school system, with no honorable alternative left open to persons who care to be considered loyal members of the community, Doctor Conant's words will bring great comfort and increased boldness in pressing the campaign of secularism against independent schools, above all, religious schools. To the rest of us, his words should be a warning of the direction of the battle and of the accelerated speed with which it is being waged.

The discerning will note that President Conant states his criticism of independent schools like the parochial school in words which are much more forthright, candid, and uncompromising than has been customary among earlier propagandists against the independent school. President Conant does not say, as some others have said, that he merely objects to tax help for children who attend independent schools like parochial schools. He does not even suggest that his objection is to the standards maintained in such schools. He puts aside all such rhetoric—and for that I think that we should be sincerely grateful to him—and announces without qualification that his objection is to the parochial and private school as such. He sets forth clearly his conviction that those who believe in "democracy" or in "American principle" should not argue about tax support or about standards, but should take the position that the independent school, whether it pays for itself or not, whether it meets standards or not, is an offense against "democracy," a violation of "American principle," as Dr. Conant and his associates now define "democracy" and "American principle." Independent schools like the parochial school, we are told, offend against democracy because they bring what Dr. Conant calls "a divisive attitude" into American society, and they do so because they are not state monopoly schools.

Such a statement from such a source is astonishing. It is also a little exasperating, coming as it does from the President of Harvard University, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in this late year of grace. When Doctor Conant announces that independent schools operated for religious reasons have introduced "divisive attitudes" and "stratification" into the American community, while making not so much as a passing reference to the past 300 years of educational history in Massachusetts, with its "numerus clausus" in colleges, its admission restrictions of a completely non-academic character, and its ingrained caste system, he is either indulging in high humor or in something considerably less attractive.

IT took a long, long time—the time required for the poor finally to build their own private schools—before a university president was heard to announce that private religious schools are inconsistent with American democracy! Some of those who heard that announcement must have come from cities within the United States where Catholic nuns have long been teaching colored children who, until very recently, were prevented by "divisive attitudes" in their communities from receiving any chance for education proportionate to their ability or dignity. The Roman Catholic Sisters received them in independent parochial schools operated on a religious basis in accordance with "an American principle" older and more valid than Doctor Conant's principle of the "single public school system for all children." It would have been interesting to hear the comments of the educators from such states, states into which no parent, priest, or teacher of *our* tradition introduced the idea of "divisive attitudes" and "stratification," but into which our schools brought the best opportunity children of embarrassing color, regardless of

(*Continued on page* 48)

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—*Associated American Artists*

"Arbor Day," by Grant Wood.

3. *A Call for Diversity*

ALLAN V. HEELY

Allan V. Heely

MR. CONANT has identified the tiger. It is a real tiger. And it is the only one there is. But he would like to eliminate its stripes. He would like a "one-tone" tiger. He does not think our American educational tiger should *have* stripes.

He has identified the tiger. He is deeply convinced that "the expansion of our free tax-supported schools . . . has been an essential element in our national life." Secondary education, he observes, is "a new engine of democracy" which "can be used to restore fluidity to our social and economic life each generation." The improvement of the public high school, he thinks, is our greatest educational responsibility. He opposes the view that tax money should be provided for the assistance of private schools. These are sound principles. This is the tiger.

When it comes to the stripes, Mr. Conant thinks that private schools "threaten the democratic unity provided by our public schools." He regrets that private schools have recently been established in urban areas formerly served by a single public high school. They constitute, he thinks, a "dual" system of education. He does not question the right to organize such schools. But he is fearful of the consequences.

In expanding his feelings about private schools, Mr. Conant makes certain statements about their supporters which it is possible to regard as an inaccurate expression of their actual motives and beliefs. In the first place, he permits the inference that such people are "hostile critics of the public schools"; that their purpose is to "attack" the public schools. He grants the sincerity of the many Protestants, Jews, and Catholics who believe "that secondary education divorced from a denominational religious core of instruction is bad education"; but he then affirms that they "erroneously assume that the tax-supported schools are not concerned with moral and spiritual values"; and he questions "the honesty of their tactics when they . . . attempt to undermine confidence in secular education"—a deficiency in sensibilities exhibited no doubt by some, but scarcely representative of private educators in the main. He permits the inference that supporters of private schools wish "generation after generation to perpetuate class distinction based on hereditary status"; that they "maintain the thesis that there should be one type of general education for the well-to-do, another for the poor."

My impression is, on the contrary, that private educators are full of admiration for the effective inculcation of moral and spiritual values which goes forward in the best public high schools. And there is no private school head in the country who would not rejoice if it were possible for him to choose his students without regard to economic considerations. Like the Eastern colleges which Mr. Conant mentions, many of these schools are "trying desperately hard" to move toward that ideal.

As to the broader aspects of policy and purpose in democratic education, Mr. Conant believes that "the growth of free public high schools in this country would indicate . . . that public opinion in the United States has been committed to a single, not a dual system of education." Our educational history in America would seem to indicate that public opinion has always strung along with both and still wants to.

It seems fair to say that, to Mr. Conant, the private school cannot be justified because it is not democratic. That is to say that any school conducted under private auspices is for that reason and by definition undemocratic. Let us examine the premises. The American commitment that education for everybody should be provided at public expense is a national responsibility. The proposition that Americans are free to maintain in addition other schools conducted under private auspices, if they wish to do so, is equally a part of our democratic tradition. Yet this freedom, though it is embedded in our political philosophy, is under wide attack today as a repudiation of it. To the extremist, an educational institution whose facilities are not placed at the disposal of everyone who wants them is discriminatory and subject to condemnation. Yet throughout our life as a nation one of our most highly prized rights has been the freedom of the individual to improve his lot, by his own initiative and effort, so that he could provide himself and his family with goods and services which he considered superior, if he could afford to buy them. Any

(*Continued on page* 39)

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Americana. *The pages of history are filled with examples of men who have exerted a great influence in public life even though never attaining the highest posts in their particular calling. Two Americans who fall into this category are Judge Learned Hand and Frederick Gardner Cottrell, the one an influential jurist and social philosopher, the other a successful inventor and patron of science. Although Learned Hand has never written a book, he is an accomplished writer, as is evidenced by "The Spirit of Liberty," a compilation gathered from his public addresses (reviewed below), which distils the forty-year legacy of a wise individualist and confirmed liberal. The career of the chemist who founded the Research Corporation is chronicled in "Cottrell: Samaritan of Science" (page 18). In Will Rogers's syndicated columns and articles there is raw material for many volumes. One such, of special pertinence today, is "How We Elect Our Presidents" (page 46).*

Wise Wit from a Legal Lifetime

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY: Papers and Addresses of Learned Hand. Collected by Irving Dilliard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 262 pp. $3.50.

By Richard B. Morris

LIKE Socrates, Learned Hand never wrote a book. Until now his wisdom and insights had to be laboriously culled from the two thousand judicial opinions which he rendered during a distinguished career on the Federal bench covering a period of over forty years. Although universally esteemed a judge's judge and bracketed by the legal profession with Holmes, Brandeis, and Cardozo, Hand has not confined his creative talents to the strictly technical issues of the law. Wise and urbane, scornful of pretense, shibboleths, and standpattism, he exemplifies the best in the tradition of American liberalism. By making available to the general reader the stimulating and eloquent non-legal papers and addresses of Judge Hand, Irving Dilliard has performed a genuine public service. He has compiled a collection which should serve as a pungent antidote to much of the fuzzy thinking of our time.

Hand is a superb literary craftsman. He has mastered the tools of his trade and brought to it penetrating insights from the humanities. His rich scholarship goes beyond Kent, Story, and Cooley. It embraces Acton and Maitland, Thucydides, Gibbon, and Carlyle, Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare, Milton, Machiavelli, Montesquieu, and Rabelais, Plato, Bacon, Hume, and Kant. Throughout his life Hand has communed with the great thinkers of the past, not only because he was intellectually thoroughly at home in their company, but because he felt that in passing on the broader issues of constitutional law "everything runs upon the spirit" in which the judge "approaches the question before him." "The words he must construe are empty vessels in which he can pour nearly everything he will," he once observed. "Men do not gather figs of thistles, nor supply institutions from judges whose outlook is limited by parish or class." For himself Hand recognized no such philosophical limitations.

To Learned Hand intellectual detachment is a basic ingredient of wisdom. For oversimplified formulas explaining complex phenomena he had little sympathy. A broad reading of history had buttressed his skepticism about "any easy explanations." "Have no confidence in principles that come to us in the trappings of the eternal," he cautions. Confront them with "gentle irony, friendly skepticism, and an open soul." Do not expect solutions. That kind of detachment was out of tune with the temper of the times. He remained aloof while his generation pathetically pursued "every retreating pot of gold" and put its "trust in loyalties, in creeds, in causes, in regulation, in institutions, in courts, in principles, in propaganda." "The one thing to which it will not trust," he caustically observed, "is the vagrant mind and the self-directed soul. So be it, by their fruit ye shall know them; and do we need to be assured that our fruit is bitter?"

Under his acid wit most moral enthusiasms seemed quickly to disintegrate. "More cant," he once declared, "is poured out to youthful ears in the name of serving mankind than would fill the tally of those papers on which Panurge passed his momentous judgment some three hundred years ago." When duty to the state is exaggerated at the expense of individual personality, whether in a totalitarian state or a democratic state, Hand would call a halt. In temperament he has no affinity with either the crusading reformer or the revolutionary. To Hand "a community of creatures engaged primarily in serving one another, except for the joy of meddling in other people's business," appears "so dreary and so empty, that I had as lief sing for eternity in the heavenly choirs as to have any part or parcel in their enterprises." Let us do our own jobs, he advises, without fearing that in so doing we are "disserving the State."

While appreciating the role that revolutionaries play when abuses get so deeply rooted that "to tear them out will fetch along much that is good," Hand regards them as obstructing the path of truth. "The qualities which clear it are wholly inconsistent with theirs: skepticism, tolerance, discrimination, urbanity, some—but not too much—reserve towards change, insistence upon proportion, and, above all, humility before the vast unknown."

Through the inscrutable workings of the Presidential mind Learned Hand never received an appointment to the Supreme Court. But he and his cousin, Augustus N. Hand, made a remarkable pair on the most important commercial court in the United States, the Federal Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit. Aside from Learned Hand's contributions in the fields of trusts and patent law, criminal procedure, and other technical areas, his opinions and writings bear witness to his belief that law deals mainly with probabilities—not certitudes—and provides that framework of order within which conflicts must be subdued. To Hand the judge is "a complementary organ of the social will." He warns the legal profession that it is charged with "the articulation and final incidence of the successive efforts towards justice; it must feel the circulation of the communal blood or it will wither and drop off, a useless member." To attain justice, he counsels, something beyond

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pious traditionalism is needed. With such piety must go "a taste for courageous experiment." Lawmakers must never forget "their pragmatic origin," he cautions. The lawyer must either learn "to live more capaciously" or else he will find himself continuously less and less trusted. Hence, it is no paradox that the jurist who by temperament was neither a revolutionary nor a reformer has through his decisions struck a powerful blow at business monopoly and been ceaselessly vigilant in safeguarding the rights of the accused to a fair trial.

Hand, at heart an individualist, finds liberty resting not in regulations and bureaucracies, but in the hearts of men. "We have no warrant of assurance save by everlasting readiness to test and test again." His is a counsel of moderation, of give-and-take. To Hand the heavy mantle of conformity which has descended upon the nation in mid-century is disquieting. He deplores the kind of society which "suppresses free and spontaneous meddling," which makes heterodoxy a crime. Under such a climate of opinion, he warns, fresh thinking will disappear. "Even the loaves and fishes will not be multiplied." The real dangers come not from the "outrageous" but the "conforming." He asks: What are the foundations and postulates of our democracy? "Is it less than the thesis, as yet quite unverified, that the path towards the Good Life is to assure unimpeded utterance to every opinion, to be fearful of all orthodoxies, and to face the discords of the Tower of Babel; all with the hope that in the end the dross will somehow be automatically strained out, and we shall be left with the golden nuggets of truth?"

Hand would have America play its proper role in world reconstruction, not in a spirit of self-righteous condescension, not by sole reliance upon the noble aspirations of others and our demands on them. "Let us be content with short steps," he counsels. Let us be willing to give and take. Even though we have fabricated an imperfect instrument of international order we shall not have failed if we have gone forward bringing to our task "a pure and chastened spirit, patience, understanding, sympathy, forbearance, generosity, fortitude, and above all an inflexible determination." The future may be troubled and uncertain, but the present is ours to shape.

"We can live without dishonor," Hand reminds us, "and to live without dishonor is to live with a high heart, and in such fashion that we shall not wince when we look back upon our past." No American of our time exemplifies this spirit more fully than Learned Hand himself.

Modern Times Come to the Farm

THE FARMER TAKES A HAND. By Marquis Childs. New York: Doubleday & Co. 256 pp. $3.50.

By E. W. LEHMANN

READING Mr. Childs's book, one senses the strength of farm groups and their honesty of purpose in striving to secure a much needed service that had been denied them. His book is also a story of accomplishment, the attainment of a goal. It is a story of the action of a far-sighted government to serve during a serious depression, not on a paternalistic basis, but on a basis of meeting an urgent need for electric power by farmers and creating jobs and opportunities for many groups and individuals.

The book emphasizes the conflicts and the personalities who opposed the idea of the farmers joining together, cooperatively, to obtain electric service. One of the author's purposes seems to be to provide a permanent record of this opposition so that farmers will be on the alert to guard their future interests.

On the other hand, Mr. Childs does not give credit for encouragement, support, and background spade-work to existing farm organizations, Federal and state college research workers, the extension agents, the agricultural engineers in industry and private utility companies, or the state rural electrification committees, such as the one in Illinois which helped to advance the programs of electrification. Nor does he recognize the good work of the Rural Electrification Division of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers, the chief purpose of which is to advance agriculture through sound rural electrification applications.

Mr. Childs was kind not to call attention to the failure of the crop system designers in not making full use of the wealth of information available. He says that the "private utility companies called Morris Cook's engineers 'starry eyed dreamers' because they predicted that the farmers might use sixty kilowatt hours of electricity a month." This hardly seems possible when studies made twenty-five years ago in cooperation with private utilities and reported in an Illinois Experiment Station bulletin indicated that the potential use on Illinois farms was approximately 400 kilowatt hours.

Marquis Childs—"a permanent record."

In deploring the loss by farms and rural areas of their wealth of young people, he says that "the youth of this century, unlike their forefathers, are unwilling to remain, in the Biblical phrase, 'hewers of wood and drawers of water'." Why should they, when they are not needed? Only 12.8 per cent of all our workers are now needed to do the job of farming. With increased mechanization of dairy, livestock, and poultry production the number of young men needed on farms will become still less. With a higher birthrate on farms there will be a continued exodus by young people from the farm.

Much of the agricultural progress and change Mr. Childs credits to electricity is a result of other factors. The period in which farms have been electrified has also been a period of change in land use as well as a period of high farm incomes, high prices, and great demand for farm products. The mechanization of crop production has improved the economy of the farmer and reduced the labor required for field production to only a fraction of what it was at the close of World War I. Efficient crop production and high prices have paid the electric bills in the grain, cotton, sugar-cane, and beef cattle production areas. Milking machines have made a contribution in labor saving on dairy farms, but few dairy farms are fully mechanized.

Mr. Childs calls attention to the many applications yet to be made in homes and about the farmstead. It isn't so simple. More than the farmer must take a hand to get the job done. The farmer can't order either equipment for hay curing, a barn cleaner, a pipe-line milker, an automatic feed processing and handling unit, or other machines for mechanizing the work around the farmstead in the same way

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that he can order a tractor and plow and have it delivered ready for use. The same applies to packaged plumbing systems.

Such equipment is not available like the tractor and the plow. It requires planning and expert "help" to install, but more important, few of these units are being manufactured and there isn't one "old line" implement dealer in a thousand now fully qualified to sell, to install, and to service such equipment. It is true that all sorts of merchandisers sell electrical equipment that can be plugged in, and some sell ranges that must be installed, but they often get a special service agency that may be selling another competing line to install and service it.

Mr. Childs is completely wrong in saying: "Farm educators still think in terms of big machines and hand labor." In every research program of state experiment stations where electric motors are involved, the equipment development is directed toward the use of motors not larger than 5 to 7½ h.p. that will not create too high a demand and through automatic control will be operated to eliminate labor. In the production of dairy, poultry, and livestock products, push button equipment for feed processing and feed handling is now being developed by these educators.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 463

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 463 will be found in the next issue.

MCIMJNMPUM NQ PYA

SFDA FDIIMPQ AY D HDP.

NA NQ SFDA D HDP EYMQ

SNAF SFDA FDIIMPQ AY

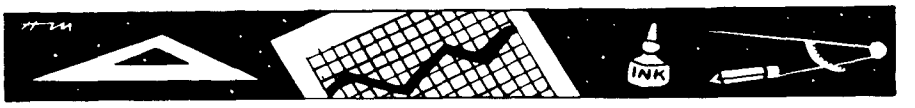
FNH.

—DOEYRQ FRCOMK.

Answer to Crypt No. 462

Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief.

—THOMAS FULLER.



Latter-Day Ben Franklin

COTTRELL: Samaritan of Science. By Frank Cameron. New York: Doubleday & Co. 414 pp. $4.50.

By BOYDEN SPARKES

THE great mystery—and tragedy—of Frederick Gardner Cottrell's life is made ironically plain (without interpretation) in Mr. Cameron's biography through an incident that occurred in London in 1921. This gifted inventor, chemist, devotee of science, and man of good will was then earning $6,000 a year as chairman of the chemical division of the National Research Council. As a convinced internationalist he was, with typical zeal, promoting Esperanto. For his espoused cause he was passing the hat; and there in London he had treed a rich philanthropist, the late George Eastman.

Eastman supposed their new acquaintanceship was merely a coincidence of shipboard travel. Actually Cottrell (accent on *trell*) had canceled cheaper passage for a berth on the *Aquitania* to stalk Eastman. Half the brief voyage was over before Cottrell contrived a meeting. For two hours they talked about Esperanto, but Cottrell decided to await a second meeting before asking for money. Mr. Cameron's book reveals that Cottrell spent lots of time soliciting rich and influential men for help for his chosen causes. However, Eastman, the Rochester multi-millionaire, said No.

Eastman's career and wealth bring into focus the plight of Cottrell during the last third of his life (born in 1877, he died in 1948). Eastman was able to operate as a man of good will on a magnificent scale because of wealth derived from a business based on the work of scientists; most notably perhaps, that of the late Dr. George Baekeland a Belgian, who sold to the Eastman Kodak Company his patented process for making Velox photographic paper. This enabled the Eastman Company to develop photography until it was literally common property and immensely useful to humanity. What it also did for Eastman is comparatively insignificant, although that bachelor certainly could put financial force behind any cause he liked as much as Cottrell liked Esperanto. But Cottrell, as a young man, had abandoned his own great chance.

Human progress is hastened considerably by advances in scientific knowledge; but strong, well-managed corporations, whatever their assortment of faults, are wonderfully effective institutions in furthering material aspects of this progress. Cottrell, for most of his adult life, was in the throes of a peculiar ambivalence with respect to business. When he was only thirty, and getting $1,000 a year as a faculty member at the University of California, he seemed well on his way to becoming a rich industrialist as well as a successful scientist.

What was his great chance? A lucky accident figured in it. Tobacco smoke from the pipe of an assistant was blown into a glass jar and vanished right before the eyes of Dr. Cottrell. Out of this resulted a great advance in the art of electrical precipitation of smoke, fumes, and dust. That jar had contained a wire through which flowed a powerful electric current.

In that time, Mr. Cameron points out, the problem of controlling dust and fumes in industrial operations was "largely considered from the standpoint of being a nuisance" rather than from that of the lost "values"—the millions of tons of recoverable material that went to waste out of industrial smoke stacks.

Two companies were formed: International Precipitation, to own all the patents; Western Precipitation Company, its wholly owned subsidiary, to be an operating unit. Of 10,000 shares of preferred and 10,000 of common stock, Cottrell owned 3,000 shares of each. That was in 1907. Certainly the business had turned the corner in 1911 when Cottrell became a Government bureaucrat.

He left the University of California to work for the United States Bureau of Mines at a salary of $4,000—notwithstanding his desire to receive only $3,000. He transformed his business

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interests into an "endowment" for scientific work called Research Corporation, which received title to the patents of International Precipitation.

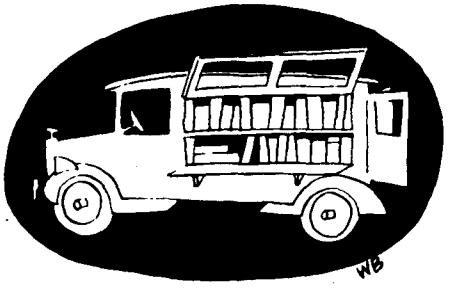
Research Corporation grew and continues to grow as a business engaged in the licensing and management of patents. Aside from this, in obedience to Cottrell, it has given millions in profits to aid scientific advances in various fields. Since the end of World War II several big companies have been licensed to manufacture precipitrons, household dust settling appliances intended to improve family life.

Nevertheless, had Cottrell not turned away from this opportunity through what appears a premature generosity, he might have fostered an industrial organization big enough to have solved to a far greater extent the problems represented by the evils and waste of fumes, smoke, and dust. But Cottrell, this well-intentioned genius, instead became a bureaucrat. From 1911 until 1930, except for a brief period, he remained in the Government's service, working in the Bureau of Mines and the Department of Agriculture.

During his boyhood there had been many signs that Frank Cottrell was a scion of the Benjamin Franklin tradition. Much too commonly "success" is underrated as something stemming from the influence of Horatio Alger when the real influence was Franklin, exponent of hard work, thrift, scientific knowledge. The boy Cottrell, at thirteen, operated a number of business enterprises; job printing, publishing, and landscape photography for real estate dealers. He installed electric doorbells. A magazine he published and edited, called *The Boys' Workshop*, enjoyed second-class mailing privileges. He certainly ran his business ventures for a profit.

How, then, did he happen to get fixed in his conscience a reluctance to take his due reward in many, many situations of his later career? What Mr. Cameron sees as nobility of purpose in Cottrell's repeated refusals to make the most of his opportunities seems no more noble, in fact, than

(*Continued on page 46*)



Belles-Lettres.

There is a cyclical theory of literary history according to which the reputations of authors undergo periodic rises and declines until finally they stabilize at a generally accepted critical estimate. To contemporary critics and scholars the reputation of Alexander Pope is clearly in the ascendent. The poet who yesterday was accused of facile brilliance and bad manners is today back in fashion. The four books reviewed below, though unequal in merit, demonstrate Pope's return to scholarly grace. Whether Pope has reached a secure plateau in literary topography remains to be seen. Two authors still in process of assessment are Wilkie Collins and Leslie Stephen, Victorian talents of the second rank who have waited long for full biographical attention. Kenneth Robinson's "Wilkie Collins" (page 20) is a skilful reconstruction of a little-documented life; Noel Gilroy Annan's "Leslie Stephen" (page 21) examines the influence of an agnostic and industrious writer.

Eighteenth-Century Savant

ALEXANDER POPE. By Bonamy Dobrée. New York: Philosophical Library. 120 *pp.* $3.

ALEXANDER POPE: Catholic Poet. By Francis Beauchesne Thornton. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 312 *pp.* $4.75.

POPE AND HIS CRITICS. By W. L. MacDonald. Seattle: University of Washington Press. 332 *pp.* $4.50.

POPE AND THE HEROIC TRADITION. By Douglas Knight. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 119 *pp.* $3.

By Robert Halsband

DURING the last few decades there has been, along with a revival of interest in English literature of the Augustan Age, a revaluation of its greatest poet. Now in progress are the superb Twickenham edition of his poetry, issued in this country by Yale University Press, and George Sherburn's forthcoming edition of the complete correspondence: they will afford us a sound basis for understanding the poetry as well as the poet's complex life and career. These two massive projects will be the cornerstone of future writing on Pope. In the meantime books about him continue to appear, of which the four most recent display important trends.

In his slight book Bonamy Dobrée has written an extremely generous interpretation of Pope's life, sketching the events, friendships, literary campaigns and victories, and interpolating rather emphatic praise of the poetry. To the uninitiated his book may be a persuasive introduction to the poet whose reputation has suffered in the past, but one may still question his method of achieving that praiseworthy end. Pope is defended by special pleading, his graceless actions condoned in him (and condemned in his opponents), and his infinite stratagems charitably explained away. We are even told that the greatness of his poetry is proof of his "greatness as a man as well." These flaws arise from accepting Pope's autobiographical poems as factual. In other words, the rhetorical pose of, say, the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" is set forth as Pope's actual personality—a confusion pointed out some time ago by another scholar. Why can we not accept the poetry as great and the poet as merely human?

Father Thornton's is a full interpretive biography which tries to show Pope as "an aggressive Catholic," and is written with uncommon felicity of expression and observation, and with a sympathetic appreciation of the poetry. His particular approach is valuable for reminding us that Pope's religion rendered him the victim of several kinds of intolerance, disadvantages we must appreciate in counting up his poetic and personal achievements. Perhaps, as he suggests, Pope's devious personality is partially the result of his religious milieu. But in claiming that Pope bravely retained his faith in spite of the taunts of enemies, the biographer overlooks the possibility—mentioned by a previous scholar—that if Pope had changed his religion he would have laid himself open to far more damaging insult, that (one might say) it was a comfortably mild cross to bear. Among the

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other questionable points are these: facts are omitted if they do not support the thesis (*e.g.*, Pope's obscene version of the First Psalm, Cibber's pamphlet on his immorality); in quoted letters some sections are italicized as his proof, where other sections *of the same letters* would lead to opposite conclusions; and support is claimed from insubstantial sources (*e.g.*, evidence of Pope's pietism lies in, we are told, "the golden march of his verse").

But, we may still wonder, what was Pope's actual religious position? Hoxie Fairchild, who deals with the problem in "Religious Trends in English Poetry," concludes that Pope, so eager to be all things to all men, lacked a firm spiritual center. The main expression of Pope's doctrine lies in his "Essay on Man," where, as Maynard Mack has recently shown in his Twickenham edition of the poem, it is a combination of deism, eighteenth-century sociality, and Roman Catholicism.

Almost every element of Pope's career is so obscurely hidden beneath an underbrush of controversy that Mr. MacDonald's is a very useful task in beating a path through the tangled commentary of eighteenth-century critics. Much of it before Pope's death (in 1744) and the collected edition of his works (in 1751) is valueless, for it was generated more by personal than by literary motives. Still, the analysis here is fresh, and suggestive in showing how critical judgment of the poetry followed the crumbling of neo-classic standards, and led to Pope's low esteem in the next century. To read all the relevant materials demands persistence, ingenuity, and a strong stomach—all of which Mr. MacDonald has. He has wisely gone to first-hand sources, and arrived at independent conclusions. Thus instead of accepting the traditional opinion that Pope's pastorals are superior to "Namby-Pamby" Philips's he compares them anew. In general his objectivity proves that one may be both impartial and sympathetic to Pope.

In the final book here, Mr. Knight examines Pope's translation of the "Iliad," showing that it is not a "pretty poem" (as a contemporary classical scholar called it) but the embodiment of a deep tradition of epic poetry, one which sustains a whole world-view. His reasoning is so close-packed and allusive that the book makes difficult, though rewarding, reading. Like Mr. MacDonald's book, its value comes from its fresh examination of a vital phase in Pope's career.

The ups and downs of Pope's reputation would lend support to a cyclical theory of literary history. Today we are on the upswing of taste for his poetry. Perhaps after the current evaluation he will achieve the standard reputation of a classic unaffected by literary fashions. An earlier generation of critics damned the poet along with his poetry; we must beware of making the obverse mistake, that of canonizing the poet because we are dazzled by the luminous excellences of his works.

—*By William Hogarth, from The Bettmann Archive.*

Doctor James Garth and Alexander Pope in a coffee house.

Dickens's Confrere

WILKIE COLLINS. By Kenneth Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 348 pp. $4.50.

By John T. Winterich

NEXT time you buy a toothbrush at your neighborhood druggist's, make a mild obeisance to the metal rack of paperbacks just inside the door. It is a memorial to Wilkie Collins. For while Edgar Allan Poe invented the detective story (and tried, unsuccessfully, to float it as a paperback), it was Wilkie Collins who invented the detective novel.

He did more than that (or is that enough, or too much?). He flourished (and he *did* flourish) in the great era of the English novel. Scott was in active production when Collins was born, Hardy when he died. He grew up in the shadow of Dickens, and played Pythias to Dickens's Damon. You didn't have to hear Collins in the days of Victoria—you didn't even have to read Dickens. There were the Brontës, Thackeray, George Eliot. The competition was too stiff for Collins to have any hopes of making the first team. But he was a worthy captain of the second.

Yet his own story has always been something of a mystery—a mystery which Kenneth Robinson has done his best (and a competent best it is) to penetrate. But at the end, writes Mr. Robinson, "there remains a sense of incompleteness. . . . From all but his closest friends he seems to have kept something in reserve." Even his closest friends were not voluble; Dickens had much to say about him, but it was hardly revelatory. John Forster was voluble, but he was so obviously jealous of Collins's close friendship with Dickens that he makes a poor witness. Collins kept no journal. His surviving letters, "like his books, are for the most part narrative." He is known to have destroyed many letters. Of his correspondence with Caroline Elizabeth Graves, with whom he contracted a nine-year liaison, not a line appears to have been preserved.

The way of the biographer, in such a situation, is hard. Too often he yields to conjecture or surmise—there are biographers who prefer that treatment. Not Mr. Robinson. He sticks to such data as he has been able to accumulate, which turns out to be quite a lot. He has foregone the temptation (if he had one) to psychoanalyze his subject. He adheres to the born-lived-died formula with fluent straightforwardness, and the result should be eminently satisfactory alike to the

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curious reader, the student of Victorian fiction, the social historian, and the professional writer eager to learn how an able, gifted, businesslike forerunner managed his own affairs.

Collins was a conscientious workman. Facts had to be facts. He besought his friend Charles Ward of Coutt's Bank to tell him how long it would have taken a letter to reach Zurich from London in 1847. William Henry Wills, who had spent three years in Edinburgh, was asked to supply data about Dumfries—what did they make there, what was the local topography, and what identifiable village on the banks of the Nith would be a suitable site for a fictional honeymoon? Collins saw no reason why the truth should be a stranger to fiction.

Collins carried this passion for actuality to the extent of using real cases, or real persons, in the two novels which are likely to keep him permanently in print. "The Woman in White" was almost certainly suggested by a dramatic sequence of events in France toward the end of the eighteenth century. The preface to "The Moonstone" acknowledges the author's gratitude to two famous diamonds, and Sergeant Cuff, the Adam of fictional detectives (book-length division), clearly derived from Inspector Jonathan Whicher of good old Scotland Yard.

Five years after "The Moonstone," Collins visited America. He was welcomed by the Harpers, with whom his relations were of almost lyrical cordiality. "There is no author," the firm had written him the previous year, "more prompt and thoughtful of the interest and convenience of publishers than you. Your careful and regular transmission of copy . . . has frequently elicited the grateful admiration which is naturally felt by us as practical printers for authors who are never behindhand." Those were the days!

Collins's American visit lasted nearly six months—until March 1874. He got as far as Chicago, but had to forego his intention to journey "as far as the Mormons." He enjoyed his stay and his hosts. "I should be the most ungrateful man living if I had any other than the highest opinion of the American people. I find them to be the most enthusiastic, the most cordial, and the most sincere people I have ever met with in my life. When an American says, 'Come and see me,' he *means* it. This is wonderful to an Englishman." The nice thing about this pronouncement is that it was not delivered at dockside to a contemporary Grover Whalen, but set down in a private letter to an English friend.

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

William Wilkie Collins, by Sir John E. Millais (1850)—"passion for actuality."

Strength through Strength

LESLIE STEPHEN. By Noel Gilroy Annan. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 327 *pp.* $5.

By R. Ellis Roberts

THE peculiar quality of Victorian agnosticism was at its best in Leslie Stephen. When T. H. Huxley, after attending a meeting of the Metaphysical Society, invented the word, all he claimed for himself and his followers or colleagues was that they were not certain about the universe of the mind and spirit, as, for instance, Newman, for all his natural skepticism, was certain, or as even Tennyson was certain. But the peculiar quality that distinguished most of the group that rejected Christianity and theism was not that they were uncertain, but that they were proud of their uncertainty. They claimed as a virtue what was at best a failure, at worst a self-indulgent complacency.

How did they acquire that complacency? In this brilliant monograph Mr. Annan, a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, endeavors to answer the question, although he never poses it as brutally as I have. This book is not a biography of Leslie Stephen, though there is sufficient biographical narrative to enable the reader—even if he knows nothing of Stephen except that he was Virginia Woolf's father—to have a good picture of this Cambridge don who was born in 1832 and died in 1904. During his life he did a prodigious amount of work, journalism, biography, editing, philosophical history, literary criticism. He was ordained priest in the Church of

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R. Ellis Roberts at one time was literary editor of The New Statesmen *and* Time and Tide *of London.*

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England, but abandoned holy orders when he lost his faith, and was never sympathetic towards those "broad" churchmen who did not imitate his candid honesty. He was an ardent mountaineer, and leader of a famous college walking club. He was twice married, first to Thackeray's daughter, Minny; their only daughter was mentally deficient. After Minny's death Stephen married a widow, Julia Duckworth, a woman of rare character and unearthly beauty. As the girl Julia Jackson, she had sat to Burne-Jones for his paintings of the Annunciation. This second marriage was blissfully happy, and the four children, Vanessa (now Mrs. Clive Bell), Thoby, Virginia (Woolf), and Adrian Stephen were the nucleus of what was called by outsiders "the Bloomsbury Group."

It is Mr. Annan's secondary object —the first is his admirable examination of Stephen as an editor, a philosopher, and a literary critic—to show how the Stephens, the Macaulays, the Huxleys, the Arnolds, and the families allied to them by marriage formed a new and important element in the teaching and government of nineteenth-century England. I think he exaggerates when he claims that "evangelical morality and Victorian rationalism" were "the two strongest influences" of the Victorian age. They were the most conspicuous; but many students will find more strength in the subtlety of Newman, in the greater agony of Clough's doubts, in the defiant materialism of Swinburne, or even in the wistfulness and humor of Matthew Arnold. Few can read Mr. Annan's pages about Stephen and Arnold without a recollection of Max Beerbohm's portrayal of Arnold and his niece, Mrs. Humphry Ward. That serious, even solemn vivandière of the agnostic army, attired in pinafore, pantalettes, and pigtails, is fancied by Max as saying to her uncle, who smiles down on her, "Why, oh why, can you not always be wholly serious, Uncle Matthew?"

Leslie Stephen rarely found it hard to be wholly serious. And it is hard on him that he so rarely seems profound; for seriousness without profundity becomes boring.

In a vivacious, ironic passage Mr. Annan insinuates that an explanation of the over-seriousness, the "we are the people" attitude of early evangelicals, the first agnostics, and the Blomsbury coterie, bears a relation to the shadow-boxing of Oxford against Cambridge. This complacent coterie through the century has been mostly Cambridge—beside it the Oxonian, he suggests, is wordly, undisciplined, fatally attractive, and charm-

(*Continued on page 44*)

Fiction. *Following in the tradition of Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" and George Orwell's "1948," Taylor Caldwell has written what is sure to be a much-discussed fictional forecast of the future. In "The Devil's Advocate" (reviewed below) Miss Caldwell pictures the United States in the grip of a vicious and powerful Fascistic government dominated by the military. Unlike Orwell's gloomy prognostication, however, this novel foresees an eventual revolt by the people. That other best-selling Caldwell, Erskine, is also represented this week: in "A Lamp for Nightfall" (page 37) he has moved his familiar theme of human poverty and degradation from the South to Northeastern Maine. Other entries in this week's assortment of novels are of a less tormented nature. In "The Houses in Between" (page 23) Howard Spring has written a lengthy nostalgic panorama of life in England during the past hundred years. Nostalgic too is the word for Guy McCrone's "The Hayburn Family," which details further adventures of the Moorhouse clan (page 38).*

Conceptions of Holocaust

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Crown Publishers. 375 *pp.* $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

WHATEVER the reader may think of Taylor Caldwell's conceptions of the destiny of America, "The Devil's Advocate" is a dynamic and mostly absorbing story of the people's abject surrender to totalitarianism, which ends with the revolution of 1970 that restores their lost liberties. It is a curious combination of Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" and George Orwell's "1984." It would be difficult to swallow if the writer were not so desperately serious and if her convictions were not those of an obviously angry and eloquent woman.

In the present year of grace, according to Miss Caldwell, we are well on our way to damnation. Back in 1933 we were powerful, rich, and free, though evil men were plotting with Machiavellian villainy and intellect to dominate the country. It was Franklin Delano Roosevelt who pushed us over the brink. "In 1932," Miss Caldwell writes, "the misguided people elected a man to the Presidency whose twisted mind stands out against the black background of history like a conflagration." He was followed by other conspirators during a third world conflagration, followed by a series of lesser wars. By 1970, when the story starts, the cities of America were falling to ruins and their half-starved inhabitants looked up at the vast government buildings with terror. Canada and Mexico had been conquered; our war planes had blasted Russia and all Europe. The country, its government, legislature, law courts, and the press were in the hands of the military, and of an apparently ruthless tyrant named Arthur Carlson. The country was ridden with the ghastly machinery of oppression, slave labor, concentration camps, secret police, and torture chambers. Only the farmers and the ruling class had wealth and security.

Taylor Caldwell—"obviously angry."

Miss Taylor asserts that the people themselves are always guilty when they permit tyrants to rule them, but unlike Orwell who gave the British no hope of relief from the Communist state of 1984, she is convinced that if they find consecrated leaders and are totally suppressed they will rise in revolt. After sketching this grim background for revolution, she makes the reader suddenly aware that there are revolutionists everywhere. They are the Minute Men whom torture cannot subdue, and they are quietly and anonymously at work. Carlson, the most hated of the oppressors, is one of them. Another

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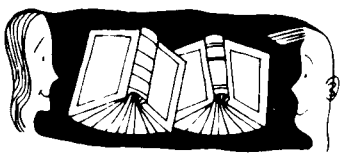
is Andrew Durant, a one-time lawyer. He is given complete charge of the State of Pennsylvania and promptly moves the army into the most prosperous farmhouses, oppresses the wretched city people still further, deprives the upper class of their servants, and sends their children to the loathsome Federal schools. Carlson's men in other sections of the country follow suit. Another war is started, this time against all South America and again the people are exhorted: "Our very existence is at stake. We must have unity!"

Andrew Durant is also hated. Since it is impossible for him to know whether any of his assistants are Liberty Men or spies of the secret police, he lives in peril of assassination; he is forced to play, not a double, but a triple role. In fact, this hero of the coming revolution might be killed by the people he is trying to save, the government he is attempting to destroy, or the military men he commands. The novel becomes a complicated and inverted pursuit, which keeps the reader in a state of suspense that is somewhat diluted by Miss Caldwell's habit of writing long soliloquies or speeches to defend her own position as a philosopher of oppression and revolt. For example, "Man is not abstract; his emotions, his spirit, his virtues and his vices are not abstracts. . . . The living creature, drenched with soul is a mysterious but none the less potent entity, fired with dreams and possessed of enigmatic memories beyond his immediate experience. . . . There is a point beyond which those who 'study' man dare not go."

Indeed, the author seems occasionally to be arguing with herself. The people are at the same time brutish and cowardly and yet capable of nobility and sacrifice; the Minute Men are at once selfless and the elite chosen to rule the masses and therefore subject to the corruption of power. The physical presence of the spirit of evil or the Devil incarnate hovers around them. Andrew Durant is the Devil's Advocate in this paradox.

Nevertheless, there is both excitement in the novel and common sense in Miss Caldwell's expositions of her hatred of war as the destroyer and enslaver of the common people and in her reiteration of the thesis that the impoverishment of men and the earth in the very act of preparing for war leads to tyranny and to the slow erosion of our liberties. It is a philosophical nightmare which does not have to be believed to be read avidly.



Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SCHOOL DAYS

Jean Creighton and Margaret Valentine, of Hamburg, New York, asks you to identify these characters from the following references to the schools they attended or the teachers who instructed them. Five points each for the name of the student and the name of the book. A score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 39.

1. This frail boy struggled with his lessons under the tutelage of Dr. Blimber and his daughter.
2. Upon quitting Miss Pinkerton's academy, this young lady hurled a copy of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary at Miss Jemima Pirkerton.
3. Mrs. Doasyouwouldbedoneby and Mrs. Bedonebyasyoudid were the teachers of this little boy in a most unusual school.
4. This little girl was assisted in her education and prepared for her vocation by Miss Temple of Lowood School.
5. Schoolmaster Elijah Jonas-Sessions was severely beaten by this student, a miner's son, when he was discovered punishing a younger pupil.
6. This boy was kidnaped from Dr. Thorneycroft Huxtable's school through the machinations of his jealous half-brother.
7. Mr. Hobson's school, Marlborough Street, prepared this gentleman for a successful career at Harvard.
8. Mr. Davis forced this young lady to drop her pickled limes, two by two, from the classroom window.
9. A student at Franklin Hall, this adolescent boy was brought to suicide by the tragic consequences of his loose living.
10. Schoolmasters Mason, Kin, Prout, and Hartopp were alternately plagued by this schoolboy and his two confederates.

Gossipy Optimism

THE HOUSES IN BETWEEN. By Howard Spring. New York: Harper & Bros. 550 pp. $3.95.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

HOWARD Spring's latest novel is ostensibly the autobiography of Sarah Rainborough, whose first memory was of one of "humanity's great moments of optimism," the Great Exhibition of 1851 that was to usher in a century of peace through prosperity. Although Sarah speaks of her record as "this story of a child of three who had skipped like a lamb because the world was ringing with promise, and who was now squeezing the last drops out of an old dishclout amid ruins and lamentations," her progress towards ninety-nine years and disillusion is quite as much about her century and her multitude of friends as it is about herself.

Through Sarah's eyes we see Dickens at Gadshill, Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, the Crimean, Zulu, Boer, and first two world wars, George Meredith's back, how the brilliant, disgusting A. B. Wibsey (clearly a caricature of H. G. Wells) comports himself. Sarah takes us from Portman Square to France, to Cornwall, to London's East End. Her friends, whose stories she knows and tells, include the alternately pious and lecherous Captain Rodda, the seduced Lucy Evans who later controls London's leading department store, Dolly Dewhirst who hates institutions that keep people down and dislikes the people kept down, Doctor Russell who tries to bully and love his East End patients into hygiene and health. Most memorably, Sarah tells about Sally Gaylord, the daughter of a lord who prefers to live with the poor (filling in time "with odd jobs till the millennium comes to make me out of date"), and about Maggie Whale, lady novelist and the only true wit in the book. Sarah also hears of a rape, a seducer seduced, a quantity of deaths by suicide, accident, murder, war, poverty, and (occasionally) from natural causes and sends them on graphically to her readers whenever Mr. Spring believes violent relief appropriate.

"The Houses in Between" is a much better "popular" novel than most that are destined for the disgrace of becoming best sellers. As such an early novel as "Fame Is the Spur" also shows, Mr. Spring's intentions are serious and commendable. His obtrusion of melodramatic and sentimental incidents into most of his books may

(Continued on page 37)

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The Saturday Review

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Peoria

THE incidents described in the following conversations happened in Peoria, Illinois. In reporting them I do not mean to suggest that Peoria is necessarily representative of the country or even of the Midwest. These conversations are presented as being of significance in themselves.

In Peoria I found a number of Bradley University faculty members and townspeople concerned over an organized campaign against the United Nations. Irresponsible charges had been circulated by so-called patriotic groups against the U. N., damning it as a threat to America and labeling it subversive. In particular, the Covenant of Human Rights had been attacked as a menace to American sovereignty. It was ironical that some of the arguments used against the Covenant were the same as those used by Communist nations.

I asked a Bradley University professor to explain the paradox that people were alive to the danger yet were reluctant to do anything about it.

"The attack on the U. N. is part of something much larger, I'm afraid," he said. "The old nationalist crowd seems to be riding at high tide now. And I'm afraid they're getting a pretty strong hold on the community. People you used to be able to count on to keep things from getting too unbalanced don't seem to be too anxious to speak up and fight back anymore. The old story. You stick your head up, you get the label of Communist tacked onto you, and that's the end of you in this community.

"If you're a professor dealing with some aspect of contemporary history —let's say Europe or the Far East or even the United Nations as an organization—you honestly don't know whether you should give the facts as you understand them or whether the thing to do is to say to yourself, the hell with the facts, and try to figure out what the big investigations will be about two years from now and then teach things today that will look good later.

"Now, if someone wanted to accuse us of being subversive on that account he'd be absolutely right. More and more of us are doing exactly what they're doing in Russia. We're finding out what's politically safe and sticking to it. That's what they ought to fire us for, but they won't, because everyone else—the president and the trustees and the department heads—is playing it the same way. How do you measure a good teacher or a good college president these days? Simple. Someone who knows how to stay out of trouble. Forget about everything else. Just keep your nose clean.

"And the students. The students are as bad as we are. Remember the old debating societies and the interest the kids used to take in politics? Today it's all buttoned lips and plugged ears. The dangerous thing about it is that these kids won't know enough to fight totalitarianism if it does come. They don't know the first damned thing about what Communism is, how it operates, what the literature says, how you go about meeting it. And they certainly won't find out in college. Who's going to tell them about it?

"Meanwhile, the super-patriots are killing off the very things in this area that represent the difference between the free community and the totalitarian state. The people are almost afraid to be good citizens. The organizations that give life to a community are becoming weak for want of citizen support. Even the YWCA is having a tough time because someone raised charges against it. If you want to get citizen support for things that have to be done—new school buildings more teachers, better local government—you've got to scratch pretty hard. This is one helluva way to fight Communism.

"Well, maybe I'm just being as bad as the rest when I ask you not to use my name. I've got a family and I've got a job and I have a pretty good hunch what could happen if word gets out I'm trying to stir up trouble."

FOLLOWING the evening lecture at Bradley I returned to my hotel to find a young woman waiting for me. She furnished a few particulars about the general situation described by the professor. Because of the direct risk to that woman and her husband it is necessary for me to disguise certain aspects of her story. But the essential meaning and general significance are unchanged.

The woman identified herself as the wife of a young lawyer who had been practising locally for about six years. Ten months ago he was asked to represent twenty-two city employees who had been dismissed because they presented a group request for a wage increase. He accepted the case, then was warned by one of the super-patriots to drop it unless he wanted to lose his local standing. He was told that one of the dismissed employees had been a Henry Wallace supporter in 1948, and that anyone who had anything to do with a Wallace Communist would be treated like a Wallace Communist himself—and that included the other twenty-one employees who had been fired and their lawyer.

"My husband thought this was nonsense and told them so," the woman said. "He felt that even if all twenty-two had in fact been Communists they were still entitled to legal representation. But it so happened that even this one boy who had supported Henry Wallace was not a Communist. My husband knew him. He used to argue with him during the Presidential campaign in 1948, trying to point out that the Communist Party was using Henry Wallace as a front. But this young boy was full of ideals and said he would support Mr. Wallace no matter what happened.

"Then, one day two weeks before the election this boy came to my husband and told him he now realized that he had made a mistake, and that my husband was right. The boy had been in a discussion at the Progressive Headquarters and he had asked some questions about the Russian takeover

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in Czechoslovakia and the people there said he had filled himself up with a lot of Fascist propaganda. Then they got into an argument and some of the leaders said things that convinced this boy that the Progressive Party had been exploiting his idealism just as they had been exploiting Wallace.

"Well, my husband tried to tell all this to the man who warned him to drop the case. The man said he believed my husband but it wouldn't make any difference. The veterans' organizations had marked this fellow as subversive and the businessmen in town had been told about him and there was nothing that could be done. He said that the general feeling was that the young man was a radical agitator, that he had poisoned all his fellow employees, and the proof of it was the group wage demand. He said that American boys were dying to stop Communism in Korea while this young fellow and his group were helping Communism in the United States. He said that the people in the community were fed up and were going to start getting rough and that my husband had better get out of the case quick if he knew what was good for him.

"Well, everything this man warned came true. The young man who had been in the Progressive Party couldn't get a job, no matter what. And everywhere he went in town people would say things about him and schoolboys would run after him shouting 'Communist' or 'Red-lover' or things like that. His family had been here for at least three generations so far as I know, but finally he had to leave Peoria. And would you believe it, some of the people here who had been against him tracked him down and then wrote letters to his new employers and he was fired. Where he is now I don't know, but I keep thinking about him and wondering why something like this is allowed to happen. I understand that things like this happen in Communist countries. Aren't the real Communists in this country the people who act like Communists by doing these awful things?"

THE woman paused. You could see she was under a severe emotional strain.

"I forgot to tell you that all but seven of the twenty-two city employees finally had to leave Peoria. No jobs, or small part-time jobs at best. And the same yelling of 'Communist' or 'Red-lover' by schoolboys—not so often as happened to the young man, but enough to hurt. And then it began to happen to their friends, too. And when their friends began to lose their jobs many ex-city employees decided to leave. I don't think they were pursued and persecuted the way the young man was when he went elsewhere. But they had to uproot their families, sell their homes, and start all over again.

"My husband—it wasn't nearly so hard on him as it was with the others. He didn't give up the case when he was warned to drop it. People here knew my husband; he'd always lived here, and he had a fine war record. And some of the people went out of their way at first to tell him how much they admired the fact that he was representing the city employees.

"But my husband's clientele began to drop off just the same. Month by month it dropped off. Today maybe he has one-fourth of the cases he used to get. And even some of his friends who first said they admired him now say they think he was very foolish for allowing himself to get mixed up in this in the first place.

"The schoolboys haven't called him names yet, but people act strangely, mighty strangely. I feel it myself. I go into a store where I've known people for ten years. They don't chat with me like they used to, and when they smile they smile stiffly. I'm not a social butterfly but dinner invitations mean a great deal in a city this size, especially when your husband has a career. Maybe once in three months now we get invited out.

"For a long time I thought my husband was absolutely right when he said that he intended to stick it out. He said what was happening to him wasn't one-tenth as bad as what happened to the others and he didn't want to be a quitter. I think I said he's never lived in any other city, excepting of course for the time he was away during the war. I haven't lived in but one other city in my life, too. I came here from Galesburg with my parents when I was about ten. We've got all these ties here, but I think maybe the time has come to move on. It's terrible, seeing my husband ignored or pushed out by the people who ought to be fighting for him. He should be building his career and watching it grow instead of seeing it shrink day by day. And I've hinted once or twice to my husband that maybe we oughtn't to try to live with this, maybe we should be realistic and leave.

"And you know what he says? He says, 'How do you know it's going to be better anywhere else?' And when he says that I get a terrible feeling inside. I feel terrible because I can't believe that this awful thing we're going through is happening in other parts of the country, too, and that it doesn't make any difference where you go.

"Sometimes I feel I ought to get a thick stick and go down to the offices of the veterans' organizations and use it on the stupid men who helped to start all this. But then I realize that they didn't really know what they were doing when they started it. I'm sure some of them honestly believed they were fighting Communists, without knowing how to go about it. And they're no worse than our good friends who now shun us or are afraid to be seen with us even though they know we're no different from what we used to be. Anyway, it's nonsense to be talking about thick sticks. There's been too much of the thick stick already."

The young woman said she and her husband had attended the lecture; she had wanted to bring her husband to see me at the hotel, but he had felt it might seem as though he were looking for outside help.

"He told me to come myself if I wanted to, but to be sure to say we know there is nothing that anyone could do for us and that we'd try to figure something out. The reason I was so anxious to talk to you was because you were saying tonight how important it is for Americans to trust one another if we wanted the community to be free. The people applauded when you said that. And I felt like standing up and asking how many really believed it. But I knew it would sound theatrical and I kept my seat.

"There's nothing we want you to do; I just wanted you to know about this, because it's real. I've got to go now."

As I went up to my room, it occurred to me that I hadn't spoken more than a dozen words all the time she had been with me. There was nothing I could say to her, there was no comfort that I could have offered that wouldn't have sounded synthetic. In a few minutes I would be leaving Peoria; but she and her husband had to stay behind. What was worse, they didn't want and dared not use outside help. All they wanted to do was to serve as an anonymous symbol that might be of possible help elsewhere. If there is anything about their story that makes you feel you want to do something, they would, I am sure, urge you to do what you can where you are. —N. C.

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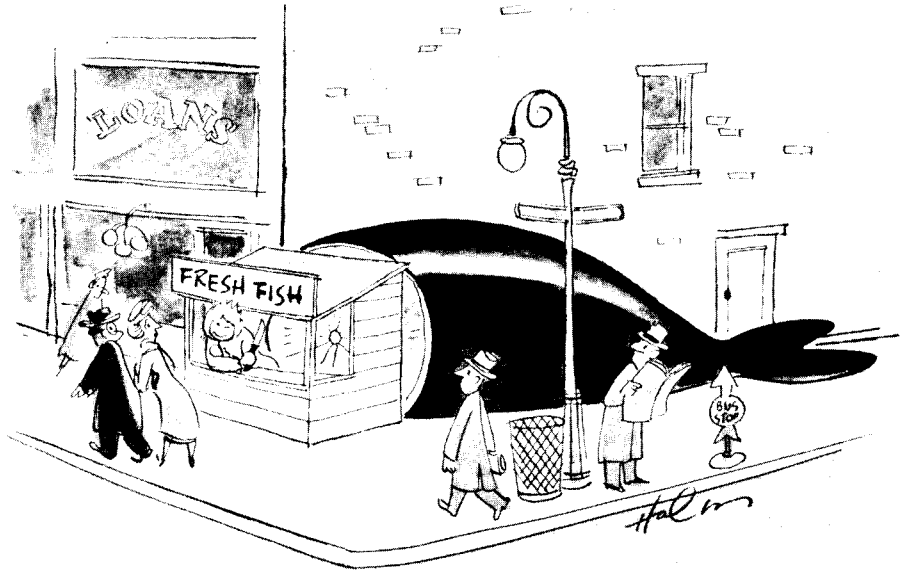
The Superiority of Women

SIR: I hope it is not too late for some added comments on Ashley Montagu's "The Natural Superiority of Women" [*SR* Mar. 1]. I feel that the dissenters have missed the point of the author. . . . Woman is *naturally* superior. She is. She knows. She is and she knows from the depths of her being even when lacking in the accomplishments that are considered a mark of superiority. In a word she is mature. And because she is mature and grown-up she is able to meet the test that is thrust on her now of adjusting to the change in status, in work, in marriage—in all directions. And although the upheaval has been almost shattering, she has been able to meet it, to make a magnificent adjustment, and even to glory in it, because she is mature; naturally fitted; naturally superior!

MARY GORHAM.

New York, N. Y.



SIR:
Woman created from Adam's rib
Took her place at the rocking crib.
Inferior man now takes his cue,
A rib from Ashley Montagu.
Split the diffefence neuter-wise
The sexes tend to equalize.

ALICE SUTTON MOORE.

Jackson, Miss.

SIR: Since I had. both a father (male) and a mother (female) and my mother had both a father (male) and a mother (female) and my father had both a mother (female) and a father (male) and so *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*, and every one else I know and have read about had the same common genesis, it seems to me, to paraphrase one translation of "Cyrano de Bergerac," that "from a man to a woman there is scarcely a dividing shiver!"— and it would be difficult for me to comprehend how either could be superior to the other.

PAULA BENJAMIN.

DeQueen, Ark.

SIR: I thought surely someone, probably a man, would point out to Mr. Montagu and the *SR* readers this fact: The reason women live longer than men must be because they usually don't work as hard. Most men work harder, work longer hours and usually under greater strain and tension than most women. Which lives longest, bachelors with jobs or spinsters with jobs? Perhaps some insurance company could settle the question.

GRACE BUTTERFIELD.

Joseph, Ore.

SIR: Is there room for some feminine soothing syrup in the great man-woman barrage? I was struck with admiration for the letter by Mr. Martinez, of Miami [*SR* Mar. 22], and his "bugle-call" in defense of his sex! Men, he says, possess creative imagination and analytical power; women do not. This situation he attributes to the action of "testicular secretions" on the brain. He goes on to remark the sad case of eunuchs: no testicles, no imagination, no analysis. Is this not a revelation? Take the whole of Mr. Martinez's letter—a perfect hotbed of imaginative analysis. What creativeness! What originality! What a masterly grasp of fact—what causes, what effects—surely, no woman could have produced this! His images of the low, womb-like woman, and the noble, sperm-wandering male, leaving his loved ones to fight and die—apparently there is a shortage of commas in Miami—while he goes forth to preach universal love. I salute Mr. Martinez. His testicular juices certainly must be all over his brain. As a woman, I can only offer my sympathetic admiration.

But if such admiration palls, maybe we could try a new approach. How would it be if the gentlemen would come out from behind Michelangelo and check their zip guns, while we for our parts descend from the heights of Balaclava and the noble aegis of Miss Nightingale and Universal Motherhood, and drop the sarcasm? Rather than belaboring each other over the head to prove that we are the real lovers of humanity, let us just look at each other, plain and simply, as individuals, and realize once and for all that even if the rest of our respective sexes were composed of burning geniuses, it would not mean a thing to us, as individuals. Spinoza's being a man does not ennoble Hitler, nor does Hitler degrade Lincoln. Every other woman on earth could be a shining light of intellect and love, and I might still be a mean-souled moron. Even Mr. Martinez's testicular ethers cannot save him from being Mr. Martinez, no more, no less, a unique creation who must make his way as an individual among men and women alike. If it makes him happy to know that many men have been great, good. Personally, it makes me very humble to realize how great some women have been. This group superiority or inferiority business seems to me wholly stupid. Only children think in such terms. Why don't we end the wrangle with a bit of schmaltz, like the old definition of the perfect mate? The perfect husband or wife—it says—is one who stands by you to the bitter end and through all the trouble you wouldn't be in if you hadn't met him —or her. Shall we?

MRS. H. D. SMITH.

Toms River, N. J.

SIR: In stating that only women can bear children, isn't Mr. Montagu neglecting to mention a rather necessary ingredient, *i.e.*, man's cooperation? I don't believe that this biological process makes us superior anymore than man's purely physical prowess makes him superior. After all child-bearing is simply a rather interesting experience which women go through only because nature made us the incubators of human beings. In short, superiority if any should be based on what each individual has accomplished with his or her mind and spirit, not his or her body, as we haven't much control over the fact of our sex but can expand our mind and spirit.

ZELL H. DRAZ.

Bethlehem, Pa.

SIR: I don't know much about "The Natural Superiority of Women" but I do know that they're getting to be damned superior.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

New York, N. Y.

Cardinal Difference

SIR: In *SR* Apr. 5 space was given to Herbert Philbrick to enumerate the

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guideposts which in his experience distinguish the Communist from the liberal. In so doing, I am of the opinion that he skirted the real basis which distinguishes between the Communist and the liberal: The Communist follows without deviation the Moscow line without criticism or question; the liberal will attack and criticize that line.

It is to be hoped that this is the cardinal difference between the two. I find it difficult to believe that Mr. Philbrick has not discovered this singular fact in his experience. To my mind it is by far the most important.

DUANE DAY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Correction

SIR: As a former student of Reinhold's Niebuhr's, I should like to correct a statement in the biographical sketch about him [*SR* Apr. 5]. The writer states that Dr. Niebuhr "combines a liberal's political views with a *fundamentalist's* (italics mine) faith in the Bible." While the former is quite true the latter is erroneous. Traditionally, fundamentalism implies the literal interpretation of the Bible, and refuses to accept the findings of biblical criticism. This is furthest from Dr. Niebuhr's biblical point of view. He stands in the Protestant tradition of those who regard the Bible as the Word of God and who take its doctrinal standards seriously, though not literally. The word you want is orthodox.

BARBARA PRASSE.

Elkhart, Ind.

Sex to Literature

SIR: I wish that every reader of American fiction could read the editorial by Harrison Smith on "Sex & Literature" [*SR* Apr. 12]. Not in years have I seen so penetrating an analysis of the subject. Many of our novelists and dramatists and the Hollywood manufacturers for whom they write are evidently incapable of understanding the true matter of love. They identify it with its physical manifestations. Those writers and movie-makers—and the public—need to be reminded of the truths stated by Mr. Smith: "The fact is that love without passion is a more enduring and tolerable emotional experience than passion without love. The first may have produced at least a static sense of happiness and well-being; the second is a temporary fever that leaves the victim only momentarily satiated and elated; it is rarely worth writing about." At least it is not worth the engrossing attention which it receives.

ELDON C. HILL.

Oxford, O.

"Royal Journey"

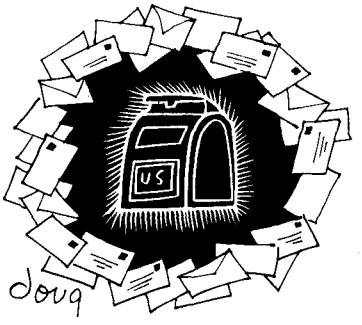
SIR: In his review of "Royal Journey" [SEEING THINGS, *SR* Mar. 29] John Mason Brown pays significant tribute to this new motion picture about the recent visit of Elizabeth and Philip to Canada and Washington, D. C. He describes in some detail "the excellence of its color photography," its interest, its poignancy, and the thoughts it stirs. In connection with the production of this unusual picture there are some technical credits which may be of interest to *SR* readers: to the National Film Board of Canada, for its first full-length film; to the Eastman Kodak Company, for its superb new negative-positive color process, used here for the first time in a feature film; and to United Artists, theatrical distributors of the film in the United States. These organizations deserve special mention for their combined contributions to the widening scope of motion picture achievements.

CECILE STARR.

New York, N. Y.

Elizabeth Blackwell

SIR: While I give a loud salute to my good friend the Rev. Thomas F. Opie for his noble defense of women [LETTERS *SR* Apr. 12], I insist that he be liquidated for one ignoble historical error, to wit: "It was just a bit over a hundred years ago that Elizabeth Blackwell tried her best to get an education in medicine in America. She failed to be accepted—and had to go to France for training." I share with all other Hobart College men pride in the fact that Miss Blackwell, having been turned down by all other medical colleges, was accepted by Geneva Medical College, Geneva, N. Y., then a department of Hobart, and was graduated with highest honors in 1849. There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that the medical faculty, perplexed by her application, left the decision as to whether she should be accepted to a vote by the students. Believing that the suggestion was in the nature of a faculty joke the students voted overwhelmingly for her admittance, and she was accepted. As a result she was the first woman to obtain a medical degree in the United



States. Her subsequent, brilliant pioneering career was elaborately celebrated by Hobart three years ago on the hundredth anniversary of her graduation.

GUY EMERY SHIPLER.

New York, N. Y.

The Church in Mexico

SIR: A word of comment on a statement in your TRADE WINDS concerning "Viva Zapata!" [*SR* Mar. 1]: "The Church had plenty of property when Zapata came along." That certainly would be news to the Church. It had been despoiled of all its possessions since 1857. The law was as sweeping as it was clear: "All property, taxes, shares, stocks, etc., belonging to the Church or to the religious orders become the property of the state." That anti-clericalism began with Calles hardly bears out an enactment of May 1873: "Ministers of religion are forbidden to wear in public any special dress or insignia under pain of fine and imprisonment." This law is still in force in Mexico. Carranz was fiercely anti-clerical. The Constitution of Queretero deprived clerics of all rights under the law; they were not to be regarded as juridical persons. They could not possess property, nor inherit it, nor bequeath it.

In passing it can be stated that the Church at the height of its prestige, power, and wealth in Mexico had less to carry on its works of charity, mercy, and education than the present endowment of Yale University.

THOMAS V. SHANNON.

Lake Forest, Ill.

George Tabori's Intention

SIR: Henry Hewes's article about "Flight Into Egypt" [Broadway Postscript, *SR* Mar. 22] and in particular his kindly description of my "nonchalance" in the face of try-out hysteria has apparently helped to extend the controversy about my play, creating the erroneous impression that I am equally indifferent to the fate of my characters. To state the contradictions inherent in any problem does not mean that one believes in obscurantism or irresolution. Chekhov thought that the artist's main duty was to ask questions; the audience must answer. The very reviewers who complain that the play lacks a point of view have analyzed, a paragraph or two later, the allegedly missing point of view with considerable clarity and brilliance. They understand the play all right, although in some cases they are a little reticent to say so. In fact, the critical reaction has been most gratifying. True, the general mood of the reviews is that of uneasiness. But the success of any given work can only be measured by the fulfilment of its intention.

It was my intention to create uneasiness. Almost everything in our culture is calculated to "please" by pandering to current prejudices and myths, by giving the audience an easy catharsis as if to say: "It's all right. We have given you some laughter, some suspense, some tears. You've got a little involved, but it's all over. The problems of the play have been neatly solved: the protagonists are married or crazy or dead. You may go home and forget about the whole thing." This undoubtedly is the way to "popular" success. I am neither contemptuous nor envious of it, but the nature of my play demanded a different approach. The stage need not be reduced to a confession-box or the analyst's sofa. The problem of the uprooted (or any other social problem) will not be solved by writing a play about it; it can only be solved by the audience, and the audience will obviously remain indifferent or paralyzed if it feels that the problem has been solved for them on the stage.

I did not want to "please." I wanted to irritate, disturb, and shock; to leave the audience in a state of tension; to send them home unpurged, with a memory of pain.

GEORGE TABORI.

New York, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

ON READING REVIEWS

HOW TO read reviews would seem easy enough. There they are, the welcome or unwelcome things, dignified by print and available to all. There they are, adroit or clumsy, warm or cold, kind or murderous, fresh or tired, perceptive or stupid, informed or ignorant, interesting or dull, begging for attention in newspapers and magazines up and down the country.

Let the lightning of creation flash however faintly, and the following thunder of some kind of press notice is bound to make itself heard however feebly. For whatever is offered to the public in the world of books, the dance, art, music, the theatre, the movies, radio, or television runs the risk of being considered news. If it is news, good or bad, it is diligently covered in that special form of journalism known as reviewing. I call it a special form only because in it the reporter's opinion is as much a part of the news as the subject he is reporting.

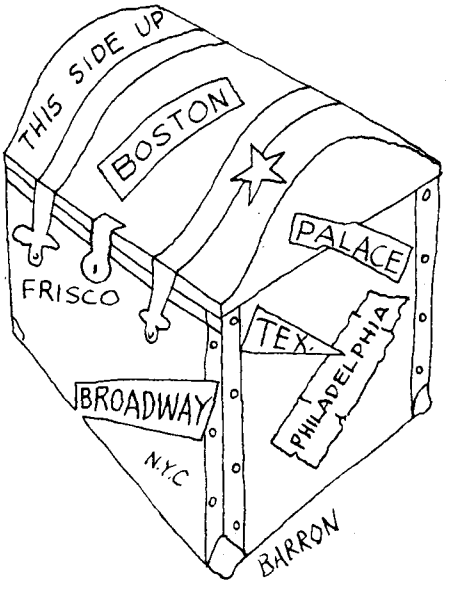
The fact that reviewers are privileged, indeed obligated, to give some kind of verdict in public is the cause of all the friction and misunderstandings which reviewing provokes. Quite naturally it often wins for reviewers the resentment or dislike of those they review. No less naturally it can be a source of irritation or confusion even to readers, when they find themselves in disagreement with the reaction expressed.

Opinions buttressed by the authority of print and given wide circulation are grave matters. They may be lightly expressed. They may take the form of curt dismissals. They may strike the casual reader or those who have written them as being funny. But they are not funny to the people involved in what is being judged. The subjects have so much at stake that there is every reason for those of us who write reviews to sympathize with the hostility felt towards us.

I have the theatre particularly in mind. Its men and women would not be human (and many of them are) if they did not resent the extent to which their fortunes and prestige, their hopes and futures, are at the mercy of the critical fraternity. Those working on the far side of the footlights think of themselves as creators. And as creators, whether their gifts are large or small, they are annoyed at being appraised by those who, as a rule, cannot act, write plays, direct, design settings or costumes, or light a stage. In being irked by this impertinence they may forget the old contention that you do not have to be able to lay an egg to tell whether it is good or bad. Their annoyance, however, is easy to understand.

Theatre people are correct in recognizing and dreading the power of the daily press. They know a death sentence (from which there is rarely an appeal) has been passed on them if every review the day after their opening is unfavorable. It angers them to think that the work of a year or more can be destroyed within a few hours. They think it unfair that a few persons who are hardened and overexposed playgoers should speak for a huge general public which has a fresher and less professional point of view.

Seeking to produce successes they have scant fondness for those they like to blame for their failures. They realize they need praise, the more ecstatic the better, because it spells box-office. Accordingly, though they may laugh in private at some or all of the men who bestow it on them, they have never objected to it in public. From time to time, when they have felt themselves abused, their contempt



for reviewers has resulted in wonderfully diverting and healthy blasts, and phrases blessed with such vigor and color and so perilously near the truth that they are remembered with affectionate admiration (and envy) even by the reviewers.

Every objection raised by theatre people against those of us who pontificate about the stage is, as I have indicated, understandable. Reviewers and the people they review are bound to be Montagues and Capulets to some extent. They are two households, both living in the same fair Verona and loving it with equal zeal, though seeing it through different eyes and often biting their thumbs at each other.

The relationship of the general public to reviewers is quite different. Most possible ticket-buyers read notices much as they look at traffic signals. They watch for a red light or a green one. Their chief interest in the production written about is whether it would interest them.

ALTHOUGH the stagestruck may read reviews carefully, the majority of people scan them seeking the verdict, wanting to know only if the show is their kind of show or not. If wise or in a hurry, they read the first paragraph and the last. If these are enthusiastic enough, they may go back to the plot synopsis in order to be equipped conversationally when they go out for dinner. For the same reason they may read in detail what is said about the leading players, that is if they happen to be famous and glamorous.

Certainly, the average review-reader is not concerned with how reviewing may rise above itself and become criticism. His preoccupation is with news; with what was done, and if it was good or bad. It is here that the trouble starts. It is here that the review-reader is apt to go astray. After all, the judgment as to whether the offering is good or bad is, can be, and is meant to be only an individual decision.

Readers often forget this. Indeed, they can forget it to such a frightening extent that it seems only fair to maintain that what is wrong with reviews is as much a matter of how they are misread as of how they may be written. Worthy or unworthy, reviews are commodities for which no substitute has been found. Hence the following reminders, set down in the interest of those who read them no less than in defense of those of us who write them.

The most fearsome and unfair aspect of any review is that it is fated to appear in print, and hence seems to speak with a finality it neither has

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nor could ever hope to achieve. Everyone knows the term "printer's devil"; everyone forgets that in reviewing print is itself the devil.

The by-line over a notice should be an unchallengeable reminder that what is coming is only one person's attempt to speak for himself. The function of the reviewer is not to anticipate the tastes of his readers. It is to justify in his copy his own likes and dislikes. His are the sole reactions he can hope to record. Getting them stated with any accuracy is in itself a formidable task.

What a reviewer feels one night or one season is not necessarily what he would feel later in a run or in another year. His opinion, as the dictionary blessedly reminds us, is only a "judgment short of proof," and should be taken no more seriously than that. It is a reflex to given stimuli which, when he comes to reduce it to phrases, finds him feeling his thoughts and thinking his feelings.

In spite of all the names he is called and may merit, a reviewer is a person subject to certain allergies, given to certain enthusiasms, responsive to certain personalities, and conditioned by his background, his spirit, and his mental equipment. His constant followers, if they read him with any care, should soon become aware of his limitations, sense his special interests, recognize his blind spots, and know where his tastes and theirs are similar or dissimilar.

Readers should, I think, also be warned that the cardinal sin of reviewers is not damning but overpraising. If readers are disappointed when they see a production that has been touted to the skies, they must, in fairness to the reviewers they blame for having misled them, remember: (1) that what on the opening night came as an exciting discovery has long since ceased to be that, and (2) that the performances may have fallen off in quality and the audience in alertness.

Regardless of how pedestrian the writing and perception of a review may be one thing is certain. The man who has turned it out is not the disgruntled assassin of the popular myth. He may have had a bad dinner, a risk run by the star he is reviewing, but like that actor, if he is any good he is professional enough to do his job uninfluenced by his meal. The truth is that my confreres are the most confirmed optimists I know. They may be compelled, as honest men, to deal harshly with the trash most frequently set before them, but their nightly hope is for a masterpiece or, if not that, at least for a hit.

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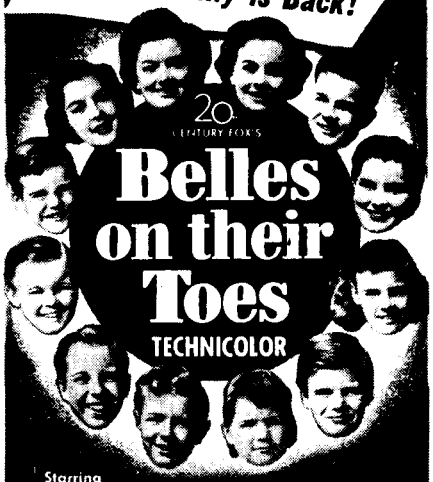

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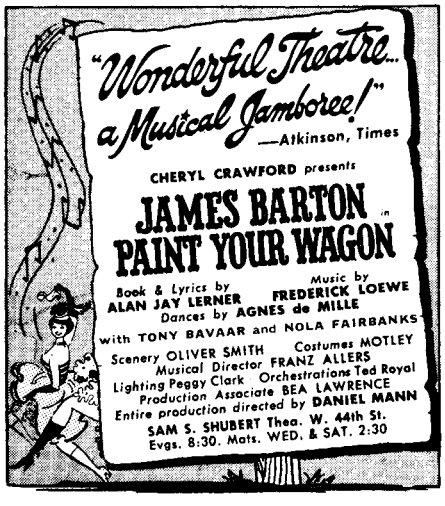
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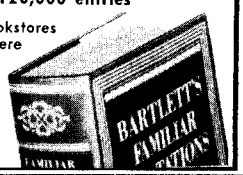

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that reviews are written to be read, not agreed with. The trouble with most review-readers is that they are tyrannized by what they read. Their willingness to accept as their own the personal verdict of one man because it is in print gives to the daily reviewers the terrible power which they neither deserve nor desire.

Naturally, the opinion stated in a review is part of its interest. The real interest, however, should lie elsewhere. It should center not in the conclusion reached but in the manner in which that conclusion is justified in the reasoning and the writing of the review. Daily reviews are not meant to be the death sentences they too frequently become. They should be read for their writing, for the pleasures they may give, and the skill and perceptions they may show.

The pity is that reviews are read by most people before they have seen what is being reviewed. No solution for this sorry state of affairs seems possible. Yet in an ideal world it would not exist. Playgoers would skim a notice or, better still, several notices. From them, from their friends who had already seen the production, or from what it appears to promise, they would determine to see it for themselves. Then having seen it, they would read the reviews they had saved to find out where they agree or disagree with the reviewers. This waiting to read reviews would serve a heavensent purpose. It would rob print of its tyranny and make each playgoer his own reviewer. That, as needs incessant repetition, in the last analysis is all that the paid playgoer known as a reviewer can ever aspire to be.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Broadway Postscript

IN "The Chase" Horton Foote has understated his story and director José Ferrer has overstated the telling of it. Perhaps Sheriff Hawes who kills a fellow human being despite his resolve not to is forced into it by an ignorant and fearful community which demands brutality from its law-enforcement agents. But all this is obscured by the raised voices, the gun shots, and the blood that is drawn across a trail far from distinct.

John Hodiak's performance as Sheriff Hawes is an amazing one, in which he conveys emotion by the nervous tapping of his feet, the limp hang of his forearm, and the grinding set of his jaw. However, his co-star, Kim Hunter (who, it is beginning to seem, is doomed to playing maritorious and pregnant women for the rest of her career) has little to do. This is a shame, because as the sheriff's wife she might at least have filled in the disturbingly unclear background of her husband. Nan MacFarland as the mother of the sheriff's quarry is touching in the quieter moments of her performance, and the heavy-hipped Kim Stanley brings her guileless sensuality to the role of a backward girl living in "the Bottom."

The scenery is by Albert Johnson, and while it has style and economy, it never really becomes as hot and alive as it might. Neither, unfortunately, does the play, which emerges a conscience-stricken melodrama instead of a tragic documentary.

—HENRY HEWES.

SR Recommends

Don Juan in Hell: A return engagement of the brilliant and rarely played interlude from Shaw's "Man and Superman," as it is given a superlative "reading" by such fine actors as Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Agnes Moorehead. Through May 24. (*SR* Nov. 10).

I Am a Camera: An interesting and sensitive play by John van Druten, based on Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories." Excellently acted by William Prince and Marian Winters, and memorable for Julie Harris's acting that has rightly established her as a star. (*SR* Dec. 22.)

The Shrike: An absorbing and truly frightening melodrama about a man trapped in a psychiatric ward of a city hospital brilliantly acted and directed by José Ferrer. (*SR* Feb. 9.)

Point of No Return: An agreeable and sympathetic dramatization by Paul Osborn of John Marquand's novel. Admirable performances by Henry Fonda, Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Robert Ross, and Frank Conroy. (*SR* Jan. 5.)

Mrs. McThing: An ingratiating whimsey about a too good rich boy. Written by Mary Chase, the author of "Harvey." The ideas may be better than the phrasing and the production makeshift, but the play is one that all members of most families are certain to enjoy, especially as acted by Helen Hayes, Brandon de Wilde, and Lydia Reed. (*SR* Mar. 15.)

Stalag 17: An exciting and hilarious comedy-melodrama about some American airmen in a German prison camp. Skilfully acted. (*SR* May 26.)

The King and I: Another Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein triumph and one of the outstanding and most tasteful musical comedies of our time. Everything about it is right, especially Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner. (*SR* Apr. 14.)

Guys and Dolls: Another musical of a very different kind but of the same distinction. In this case a Damon Runyon story has been brought to the stage in a stylized and delectable form which could not be bettered. (*SR* Dec. 23, 1950.)

Pal Joey: A delightful revival, with Harold Lang and Vivienne Segal, of a modern musical blessed with a diamond-hard, diamond-bright book by John O'Hara and some of the best of Rodgers's and Hart's songs. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

South Pacific: With Martha Wright and George Britton heading the cast, this Rodgers and Hammerstein triumph, staged with such color and vigor by Joshua Logan, remains one of the most beloved current hits. (*SR* Apr. 30, 1949.)

—J. M. B.

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SR Goes to the Movies

TAKE ANY LIFE, TAKE MINE

ONE of the fallacies of filmdom is the notion that a dramatic biography will necessarily produce a dramatic film. "Gertrude had such an unusual life" you always hear. "Somebody really ought to make a movie about her." Actually the chances are that Gertrude's unusual life would resolve itself into a series of incidents, each perhaps highly colored, but rising to no real climax. It's unfortunate, but most lives just don't seem to follow the course of high drama, which is one reason why film biography, one of the most popular of film forms, is so difficult.

There are other reasons too. Our actors rarely seem completely at ease in someone else's clothes. The man asked to play George Washington suddenly becomes not a living person moving through a crucial time in our country's history, but a historical personage, and one who must keep his head conscientiously cocked at a certain angle to resemble as closely as possible the Gilbert Stuart portraits. When we get to films about people living in comparatively recent times, the difficulties increase enormously. Now there are relatives to consider, descendants, acquaintances, friends, each with his own idea of how the dear departed should be presented on the screen. If recently deceased people emerge as less than lifelike in their screen incarnations, one good explanation is that the whitewash has been applied a bit too thickly to leave the characters recognizably human.

A good many of these pitfalls have been avoided in "The Girl in White" (M-G-M), a story based on the life of Emily Dunning who, at the turn of the century, became the first woman doctor to serve on a New York hospital staff. It avoids them by stopping short at the point where Dr. Dunning has finally won the respect and admiration of her male colleagues. In other words, a *dramatic* unity has been observed here rather than the arbitrary unity of an entire life span. And if the effect is to turn a real life story into a somewhat conventional film formula—love versus career—still it is a formula filled out with unconventional ingredients. There is an insistence on background, on details of training and hospital routine that is rare in the "made up" story, one real advantage of the film biography. June Allyson as Dr. Dunning works hard at her role, but though she is personable enough, she rarely shakes the suspicion that she might burst into song at any moment. The others in the cast—notably Arthur Kennedy, Gary Merrill, and Mildred Dunnock—are consistently good, and John Sturges has directed with a nice sense of period.

"Carbine Williams" (M-G-M) is another screen biography, this one built around the story of David Marshall Williams, inventor of the M-1 carbine. Williams created his gun in prison while serving a thirty-year sentence for murder. Now, thirty years is a long time to resolve into ninety minutes, and even with a flashback technique to hold the story together there are times when the spectator is a bit confused as to where or when. Art Cohn's script doesn't provide all the answers. What consistency there is to the film comes from the performances of James Stewart as Williams and Wendell Corey as a hard but sympathetic prison warden. Unfortunately, the unmistakable stamp of a studio—painted woodland exteriors, clean sheets and pillowcases on the chain-gang bunks—constantly saps away the realism that the film claims through its subject matter.

It is usually in the musical biographies that we find the most outlandish phoniness of background, the sickliest sweetening of character. Oddly enough, "With a Song in My Heart" (20th Cent.-Fox), which is about Jane Froman, proves something of an exception to this rule. To be sure, its Technicolored opulence produces nightclubs the size of Grand Central and small-town radio stations that put NBC to shame. But Jane Froman's conflicts with her first husband are developed with rare frankness, and this provides real sympathy for the later story of her tragedy: the plane crash near Lisbon that left her crippled, and her gallantry in rising above it to entertain our troops overseas. All of this is never more than an excuse for her to deliver literally dozens of popular ballads, but the excuse is an unusually valid one for a film of this type. Miss Froman, as probably everyone knows by this time, sings the songs herself while Susan Hayward supplies the gestures. David Wayne makes an understandable if not too likable guy of the first husband and Thelma Ritter plays Miss Froman's nurse, tough but human—as you might expect. The Froman ballads skim through the cream of Gershwin, Rodgers and Hart, and a batch of wartime ballads already dripping with nostalgia. At times it's almost like an LP with pictures.

By far the most difficult type of film biography to tackle is the religious historical, where not only history but beliefs must be taken into consideration. If there has ever been a completely successful film in this form, its title escapes me. But certainly "Loyola—The Soldier Saint" (Simplex) is as far from the mark as it is possible to get. Made in Spain, photographed at Montserrat, Loyola, and Manresa, it has all the background, as St. Ignatius's life had all the drama, for an exciting, impressive picture. Instead, by stringing together the best-known incidents from a period of over forty years, "Loyola" seems more like a series of religious blackouts. The acting of its all-Spanish cast is operatic and the English dubbing and commentary, added at Fordham University, are no help.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Miss Julie: Based on Strindberg, this importation from Sweden is gloomy in tone, sensitive in execution. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Mar. 29.)

The Marrying Kind: Matrimony runs a bumpy but witty course as delineated by actress Judy Holliday, director George Cukor, and writers Kanin & Gordon. (*SR* Mar. 22.)

5 Fingers: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual cliches of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

Cry, the Beloved Country: A sensitive screen translation by Alan Paton of his moving novel of South African life. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

The Young and the Damned: Luis Bunuel's enlightened and enlightening study of Mexico's juvenile delinquents, reviewed here under its original title, "Los Olvidados." (*SR* Sept. 15.)

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TV and Radio

WHO WILL PAY FOR CINDERELLA?

ANYONE who thinks that the American people has grabbed itself a bright brass ring in the FCC's recent allocation of 242 educational TV channels is in need of enlightenment. The Better Program merry-go-round sells tickets, and those who ride must pay—as all of us, set owners or not, pay for commercial TV and radio at the consumer's ticket-booth.

Educational radio now plays Cinderella to her advertising step-sisters because nobody pays more than a pittance for it. Educational television has got to have a fairy godmother or there will be no cultural golden coach. This has been said before, but now that the great come-and-get-it day for TV licenses has arrived it had better be said and said again to all who have a stake in the new two-party system for American broadcasting which the Commission has courageously promulgated.

The payment principle needs clarification, especially among the educators themselves. Consider this footnote to the FCC's allocation order. The Commission rejected a proposal by several school groups, including the University of Missouri, to operate stations partly on a commercial basis. The university argued: "We have $350,000 to build a station, but not enough money to operate it." Other schools joined it in maintaining that revenue from advertising would aid in improving the quality of their programs.

The morning after the order's release, Michael R. Hanna, manager of WHCU and WHCU-FM, Cornell University's radio stations, told the Associated Press: "I consider the Federal Communications Commission's education phase of station allocations unrealistic." The Ithaca director estimated the cost of building a TV station to be between $250,000 to $500,000, and the cost of operating it $1,000 a day. Cornell couldn't afford that kind of money, said Mr. Hanna, and he would ask his board of trustees to apply for commercial facilities in the ultra high frequency range.

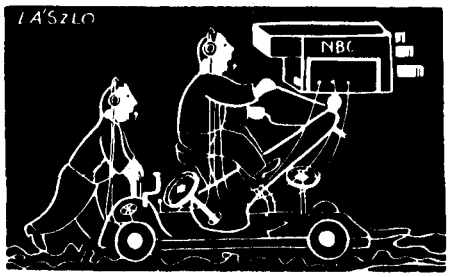
No rule prohibits an educational institution from making such application, but it must bid for a license in the open market, against commercial competitors, where it is generally at a disadvantage. Even where there is no competition, the odds are against it. The commission is opposed to any "vitiation" of the difference between commercial and non-commercial operation.

This is a sound drawing of the line. An educational institution operating a radio or TV station almost inevitably gets the money bug. Motives may be rationalized but the lure of the coin and prestige of financial success exact an irresistible, uneducational price. Public-service programming on a college station may fare even more badly than on ordinary commercial stations for want of the critical scrutiny which the latter must undergo.

Many educational agencies do not share the financial forebodings of the University of Missouri and Cornell University. The Joint Committee on Educational Television, representing seven national education groups, applauded the FCC allocations. Ralph Steetle, executive director, expressed "confidence that many educational agencies would move forward immediately to construct and operate television stations."

This schism of attitudes on the campus is significant. If the good men from Missouri and Cornell are right, the Cinderella of educational radio may as well make room in the kitchen for her sister of TV; worse, there is something in the FCC order saying the educators must show within a year's time that they mean business or the reserved channels may be taken from the shelf and fed to the avidly waiting commercial operators.

The educators who think that the money can be raised to support a more than mediocre television service are, by and large, thinking in terms of foundation hand-outs and budgetary appropriations from state and municipal legislatures. The time has come for the addition of a new conception. The educators must stop thinking of their TV operations as an extension of classroom service given free to the public, and the public must not be allowed to settle back in its TV chair looking forward to "free" culture—



Shakespeare, museums for Johnny, and French lessons for Sue.

The word "free" along with the words "new" and "wonderful" may be the holy trinity of the advertisers, but in the American incentive system the give-away sparks no power, product, or quality. As a people we are conditioned to get what we value; and what we value we are accustomed to pay for.

IN the greater Boston area, where the plummy VHF Channel 2 has been allocated to the Lowell Institute Cooperative Broadcasting Council, one dollar from 500,000 set owners, added to the amount which the Council is preparing to spend in building its TV operation, would give the Massachusetts community a more than a million-dollar educational setup; and one dollar a year thereafter would enable the Council to send out a cultural schedule that would rival the British Broadcasting Corporation's famous "Third Programme."

In New York, Chicago, San Antonio, Birmingham, and Dallas, a dollar a year from every set owner would work similar wonders. Think of it! What a citizen ephemerizes on a drink or a bingo try would make that citizen a living-room Aladdin to a TV cultural genie enslaved to his service; or if he is an adult who prefers more popular entertainment, the genie can at least serve his children.

I am not writing about subscription or box-office TV. For the moment, one brand name of this system, Phonevision, plans to contest the allocation to the educators of the only new VHF channel in Chicago. I am suggesting an entirely voluntary principle of educational TV support whereby viewers may regularly contribute a dollar or more annually to stations, either directly or indirectly through responsible community organizations.

Here is something for the educators themselves to begin to think about as well as parent-teacher and listener-viewer groups. Educational television must break away from the "for nothing" concept which veils the economic realities of commercial broadcasting practice. Either we, the people, will squarely recognize the fact that we must pay for educational television, and invent some practical way of doing it, or the best of the hopes raised by the Federal Communications Commission's truly epochal allocation may come to nothing.

If New York's municipal station, WNYC, which has filed for the new Channel 31 in my area, will show me how it will do some good, it can have my dollar. In fact, I'll make it two.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Music to My Ears

A WEEK OF THOMSON, HONEGGER, SZYMANOWSKI & BERG

"FOUR Saints in Three Acts" seems to me a perfect instance of a work significant for what it was rather than what it is. Reversing the mental picture-machine to 1934, I have an impression of a work in the 44th Street Theatre which leaned heavily on pictorial values, the shock impact of the all-Negro cast, the deluding nonsense of Gertrude Stein's text, the disarming simplicity of Virgil Thomson's music. Re-experienced in the Broadway Theatre in 1952 it suffers not only for the expropriation of all these elements to other uses since, but also for the profounder fact that even nonsense, these days, needs a framework of some sense.

Perhaps it gets down to the concept that purposeless double-talk no longer registers in a time when the purposeful kind, on an international level, possesses ominous overtones. St. Ignatius and St. Settlement arguing about St. Theresa half inside. half outside, is not hugely funny when one remembers Austin and Malik disagreeing on whether the U. N. should concern itself with a "Peaceful Settlement of the Korean War" or "Complaint of Aggression in Korea." We have all been so battered by semantics in the meaningful area of life and death that the pretentiously playful kind is less than uninteresting—it is a waste of time.

If I remember my lessons of 1934 it was the correct attitude that Thomson illustrated by his adroit manipulation of traditional musical devices—oratorio of the Handelian kind especially—that attractive sound patterns could be woven out of syllabic sequences meaning nothing. Perhaps there is something to this still; but I think that parody in music—as in verse or prose—misses the mark when it merely takes off without taking on fresh nuance, meaning, and character. The method of "Four Saints," it now appears clear, is much better related to a unifying theme in "The Mother of Us All," with its recognizable symbols of American history. Lacking the same orientation to the saints (12) of these acts (4), I found it tediously uninteresting.

Thomson's tongue-in-cheek musicianship is never witless or unsure, it all proceeds according to plan, and with numerous respectable artifices. But it seems, oh,, so labored for the little impact it achieves, doggedly insouciant, strung out, however skilfully, on a very thin thread of meaning.

The performers worked diligently but with no final success to keep dead air from invading the soufflé. What was against such worthy people as Edward and Inez Matthews, Rawn Spearman, and the rest was nothing more nor less than time—the heavy, creeping thing that deflates the temporal and engulfs the ephemeral. What was the singular strength of "Four Saints" twenty years ago—its "modernity"—is now its heavy dragging weight.

In another are the powerful purpose of an older but also unresolved work moved ahead irresistibly when Eugene Ormandy presented Honegger's "King David" as his final offering of the Philadelphia Orchestra's season in Carnegie Hall. If the word has not yet circulated, it seems fair warning for next year to say that this was a fitting climax to what was by far the most distinguished series of orchestral concerts given in New York this winter. Ormandy had the massive score fully in hand, with a full and forceful command of the fine Temple University Choirs and the soloists—David Poleri, Theodora Brandon, Helen Colbert, and Beverly Anne Wolff.

Of abiding worth, moreover, was the strength and fervor of Honegger's invention, its mixture of Bachlike contrapuntal lines with barbaric tonal effects in brass and percussion, its compelling response to the text of René Morax, effective even as delivered in English. The timeless story of David's trials, triumph, temptation, and death invited a mural-like treatment by Honegger which had every justification as revealed by Ormandy. It would have meant even more with a quieter, less mannered narrator than Walter Abel.

—*Halsman.*

Eugene Ormandy—"forceful command."

The "Symphonic Comcertante" of Karel Szymanowski is a work heard only as often as Artur Rubinstein can proselytize for it in return for playing a box-office piece of Liszt or Tchaikovsky (it was last a *quid pro quo* in 1943, when Rodzinski was the conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony). Assuming that Rubinstein can persevere on its behalf, it may eventually come to recognition as a score of originality and character, with a fresh approach to the perpetual problem of the piano vs. the orchestra. I found this approach consistently maintained by Rubinstein up till the last section of the finale, when even his massive resonance was blanketed by the orchestral sound. The handshakes exchanged by conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos and concertmaster John Corigliano as Rubinstein left the platform seemed to suggest a mutual plot carried to a successful conclusion.

The second "Wozzeck" at the City Center was substantially better than the first, thanks to the replacement of Patricia Neway by Brenda Lewis as Marie, and the appearance of Emile Renan as the doctor (he was indisposed previously and replaced by Ralph Herbert). Miss Lewis offered not only a livelier likeness of the fated prostitute, but also more vocal accuracy than her predecessor. Renan got around the line of his part better than Herbert, and with more vocal variety. The performance still is short of yielding all the music in Berg's score, which may finally amount to less in performance than it was in silence.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Autobiography

By Peggy Walden

THERE was a little boy
And he grew into a man,
And he was introspective
Through all his living span.
Though it takes a thousand pages
To tell of how he grew,
For what he has accomplished . . .
A paragraph would do.

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Art & Architecture.

If a ledger were compiled of American achievements in the arts the column under the heading "Architecture" would probably total up the highest. The recently completed Lever House in New York carries on a tradition of architectural accomplishment that goes back, by way of such important innovators as Frank Lloyd Wright and Louis Sullivan, to the early days of this country's history. In his "Early American Architecture" (page 35) Hugh Morrison examines the efforts of colonial builders and assesses the fruits of this era rich in architectural endeavor. A far cry from the chaste simplicity of colonial architecture is the complex structure of much contemporary art. For those who are mystified by the esthetic "isms" of recent years and desire clarification George A. Flanagan's "How to Understand Modern Art" will serve as a useful guid (page 36). Several aspects of English decorative art are discussed in the volumes reviewed below.

Gee-Gaws, Gimcrack & Grace

HIGH VICTORIAN DESIGN. By Nikolaus Pevsner. New York: British Book Centre. 162 *pp.* $2.75.

ENGLISH COUNTRY POTTERY. By Reginald Haggar. New York: British Book Centre. 160 *pp.* $3.25.

ENGLISH TABLEGLASS. By E. M. Elville. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 275 *pp.* $10.

By Rlene L. Howell

THE exhibition of 1851 in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park has always been of interest to students of the Victorian period. Despite the critical attitude of historians today the nineteenth-century exhibition was considered a marvel, even by men of culture. Flaubert, in writing to Ernest Chevalier in January 1852, said, "I was at the Exhibition in London in October and, despite the universal admiration, it was really fine." Anthony Trollope, commending the building, wrote that "as for the Exhibition itself, I would not give a straw for it . . ." Ruskin was furious and considered the building a gigantic greenhouse. It was a monstrous glass box; and the machines and engines supposed to be done in the Egyptian and Gothic taste, the papier mâchè chairs, one of which was described in the catalogue as "decorated at the top with two winged thoughts . . .," were industrial hallucinations.

Industrialism brought in its wake many moral evils as well as some artistic ones. Ruskin condemned machine-made ornament, as did Pugin, for its social faults. The exhibits of the Crystal Palace increased sympathy for the engine and the commercial dollars which weakened the crafts.

In 1851 many gaga and grisly objects were viewed with complete sobriety. America, already a dadaistic forerunner, contributed an "Air-exhausted Coffin, intended to preserve the dead from putrefaction." From Glasgow came a life-preserving portmanteau, which was a large trunk with a hole in the center and a paddle supplied. A piece of steamship furniture was described as ". . . a self-acting washstand on the right, a water closet on the left, and in the middle a walnut-wood couch, forming a bed when required, stuffed with . . . patent cork fibre, to make it buoyant . . . Each part . . . is immediately convertible into a floating life preserver; and the whole forms a floating surface of fifty feet . . . in the case of danger at sea."

After the Crystal Palace exhibit came the execrable English fair of 1862; and the American Centennial of 1876 was a new low in decorative art.

Dr. Pevsner's book, "High Victorian Design," deals not only with the exhibition itself but with the effects of the debased taste of the time. He is of the opinion of William Morris when he says ". . . design is not only an esthetic problem, but also an integral part of a larger social problem . . ."

Fortunately, not all the decorative arts of England are in the same class as those of 1851. "English Country Pottery," by Reginald Haggar, shows the unusual charm rustic pot-makers gave to such household wares as fuddling cups, tygs, tobys, spill vases, salt kits, puzzle-jugs, and posset pots.

The pieces made by rural potters have taste, gaiety, and often direct feeling. There is some very droll English pottery, for example, a drinking cup, showing the Pope on the side and the devil on the other, with this inscription, "When Pope absolves the devil smiles." The Napoleonic Wars provided print-makers and potters with motives for caricature. King George III looking at Napoleon through a telescope was labeled "The King of Brobdingnag and Gulliver." This type of potters' buffoonery was very popular at the time. There were also many jibes at marital life, some amusing, others vulgar. A christening cup, dated 1692, is inscribed, "Here is the gest of the Barly Corne, glad Ham I the cild is born."

Mr. Haggar has included a section on pottery marks, a selected bibliography, a glossary of pottery terms, and an index of figure makers.

From the time of the Roman occupation up to the nineteenth century, the English made remarkable glass for the table. E. M. Elville's book, "English Tableglass," illustrates some of the very fine work of the glass blower.

One of the earliest records (1226) concerns Laurence Vitrearius, which means glass-maker. He provided clear and colored glass for King Henry III's Chapel. Unfortunately, there are few pieces left from this early period in English glass work. There was little need, however, for drinking glass, since the work of the goldsmith was readily available and extremely popular, for those who could afford it. The greatest advance in English glass-making occurred in the sixteenth century when the glasshouse was set up at the Crutched Friars. It was here that Jacob Verzelini, and Carré before him, worked in the beautiful Venetian style. Verzelini obtained a virtual monopoly "for the makynge of drynkynge glasses . . . and hathe undertaken to teache and bringe uppe in the said Arts and knowledge of makynge the said drynkynge Glasses owre naturall Subjectes." From this time, glass for "drynkynge," rather than metal, was used by the upper-classes.

Mr. Elville's book covers glass work from Verzelini's Venetian style to Corning's gross "pyrex" ovenware. The faults are not in Mr. Elville's fine study, but in the impoverished imagination of modern producers.

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Ancestors' Plans

EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. By Hugh Morrison. New York: Oxford University Press. 619 *pp.* $12.50.

BY WAYNE ANDREWS

IF you've never wondered why the houses of Charlestown, West Virginia, bear no resemblance whatever to those of Charleston, South Carolina, if you've never thought you would like to own a book that would tell, in one volume, all that needs to be told about the architectural history of the English, Spanish, and French colonies in North America, you may not realize exactly what Professor Morrison has accomplished by compressing, as he has, so many telling facts into the 619 heavily illustrated pages of "Early American Architecture." But if you have given a thought to the history of our colonial buildings, you'll be properly grateful to Professor Morrison, not only for reading and digesting the hundreds of monographs on the subject, but also for testing the conclusions of the monographers against the very latest findings. A model of scholarship, "Early American Architecture" is a book that no one who fondly remembers the monuments of our colonial past can afford to do without.

"My purpose," the author confesses in the foreword, "has been grimly didactic (and) if any entertainment or amusement has crept in, it is purely coincidental." Though this candid statement may frighten away antiquarians with no more than a sentimental interest in our colonial architecture, it would be unfortunate indeed if it kept you and me from dipping into what may be considered one of the foremost contributions of our generation to architectural history.

Professor Morrison's text is crowded with one discussion after another of the technical aspects of his subject, but perhaps because he is really at ease in this sphere, he has no difficulty whatever in explaining away what might have meant, in many cases, a tussle with the dictionary. Especially valuable is his survey of the building methods of the seventeenth-century English colonists, in the course of which he makes plain just what is meant by such words as joint, stud, plate, and purlin—words only too often employed by scholars too casual to define their terms.

A rhapsody would be out of place in such a book; of this the author is

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well aware. Far from being enthusiastic when he comes to judge the achievement of the British colonies in the seventeenth century, he admits that "so far as we can determine, no single new building technique was invented, and no new architectural form evolved." He adds that "it is unfortunately true that the Hudson Valley today holds nothing to be compared, architecturally, with the great Georgian houses of Virginia."

Since Professor Morrison is always calm and collected, even those who feel that he doesn't sufficiently appreciate the elegance of the eighteenth century will be bound to admit that his voice must be heard. Touro Synagogue at Newport, which so many of us think is Peter Harrison's masterpiece, he finds "indeed a brilliant display of virtuosity. . . but it expresses nothing of the somber and tragic intensities of the service it was designed to house, and in this fails of being great architecture."

The author makes no effort to distinguish the cultural traditions of the various colonies, perhaps because he believes that this is a task, not for an architectural historian, but for the specialists in social history. He ends by expressing the hope that we may yet witness "an integrated and characteristically American culture, out of which might emerge a genuine architectural style, such as had belonged to the thirteen colonies in the eighteenth century."

Exegesis for the Unwary

HOW TO UNDERSTAND MODERN ART. By George A. Flanagan. New York: Studio-Crowell. 334 pp. $5.50.

BY ELAINE DE KOONING

TRAVELING gracefully over well-trodden paths in an enthusiastic attempt to tell the "average person" "how to understand modern art," George A. Flanagan presupposes an intelligent reader and does not indulge in the baby-talk characteristic of books for the layman. Complicated issues are taken up and neatly clarified. Time-worn histories and theories retain freshness in this simplified but exhaustive review of the "isms." And as he places the artist within a wide frame of reference, the author offers the newcomer an accurate sense of the size of the subject. Bolstering his text with numerous black-and-white illustrations, unfortunately often juxtaposed with some superfluous little diagrams, Flanagan is at his best when he rearranges someone else's ideas, and his many quotations are adroitly managed.

The "pioneers of modern art," Cézanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Seurat, get the lion's share of the book as he defends them from critics long since dead—and, presumably, from the living layman. Following a chronological order, he continues to be a brave defender of incomprehensible elements in art through Fauvism, Cubism, Dadaism, etc., right up to the point where defense is most necessary—the present. After spending a good deal of concentrated energy in an earnest effort to clear away the layman's bias against abstract art, Mr. Flanagan backslides in his last chapter and supplies his reader with a brand-new set of prejudices.

Unlike the nineteenth-century critic who was blind to the importance of Van Gogh or Gauguin or Cézanne because their work didn't look like the art that preceded it, the contemporary middle-brow critic, wary of the ridicule heaped on his predecessors, tries a new dodge as he attacks the art he doesn't understand by claiming that it's the same old thing. Thus Mr. Flanagan announces that "no *important* new styles, no *important* new ideas" have appeared in modern art since the activities of the Surrealists in the Thirties. "Academic modern art. . . particularly evident in America" must continue, he explains, "until new pioneers arrive to establish a new period of art—art that will not look at all like the paintings of Picasso." Reading his arguments, however, one has reason to suspect that the author wouldn't know a pioneer if one hit him over the head with a coonskin cap.

If he had ended his book with the Surrealists, it could have served as an excellent introduction to a complex and controversial subject. Or, if he wanted to make his history complete and bring it, with a fair degree of accuracy, up to the present day, there are a few creative critics (admittedly not nearly as many for the undocumented present as for the predigested past) whose appraisals of contemporary American work are available for references—Clement Greenberg, Thomas Hess, Alfred Barr, or Andrew Ritchie, to mention a few of the best known. But, dismissing the conclusions of "over-optimistic native writers" who see something new in American abstractions, Mr. Flanagan preferred to think things out for himself, and that was a great mistake to make in public.

Through a series of block-busting generalizations that have little to do with the facts, he presumes, in the last nine pages, to sum up American painting of the past two decades. These generalizations he apparently dreamed up while looking at exhibi-

(*Continued on page 47*)

"Try F-8 at 100 with a yellow K2 filter."

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 23*).

be only a Dickensian realism about what is needful to get and keep average readers who would benefit by his "message."

But "The Houses in Between" does not seem to me a good novel. Few of the characters are more than superficially realized, while those who are, like Maggie Whale and Sally, are dropped for melodrama or panorama so frequently that it is impossible to maintain identification with them. The style rises to a high level just often enough to make its usual banality inexcusable. Mr. Spring presents no new or illuminating insights into the history of the past hundred years or into the nature of human nature. Nevertheless, "The Houses in Between" is honestly conceived and executed frequently with skill. Few historical novels of the year are likely to be more entertaining or less addicted to showing that Hollywood's interpretation of history is God's.

Down-East Misery

A LAMP FOR NIGHTFALL. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 211 *pp.* $3.

By Oliver Harrison

YEARS ago Carl Van Doren said of Erskine Caldwell, "He writes as well as he can about as much as he knows." He left up in the air what he actually thought of the author of "Tobacco Road," which was turned into a drama with the longest run, aside from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," of any play in the history of the American stage, or what he thought of the author of "God's Little Acre," one of the most entertainingly bawdy novels to escape a whole generation of censors. Since then few have taken the trouble to discover what Mr. Caldwell was up to or what he knew or how well he wrote.

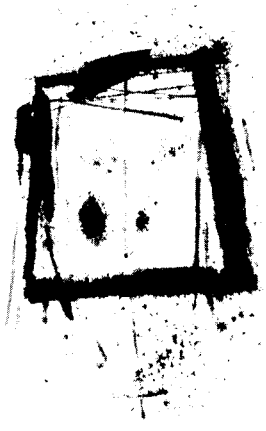
In the meantime the paper-back reprints of his books have run into millions and translations have steadily appeared in Russia and other countries, unhappily to our discredit. His static revelations of the South as a hideous, poverty-stricken region where Negroes are constantly tortured and lynched, and sharecroppers are depraved and lascivious human animals, have been accepted abroad as the truth; their author has been hailed as a courageous realist.

Early in his career Mr. Caldwell lived for five years in Northeastern Maine. Now, somewhat surprisingly, he has selected as the scene of his latest novel that rock-ribbed and presumably virtuous New England state.

The same threads of sexuality and spiritual starvation, flavored with the incest and sadism that have cropped up in all his novels during the last twenty years, reappear in the big ancestral Emerson farmhouse a few miles outside the town of Clearwater, Me. Clearwater, it appears, had been taken over by the sturdy French from Quebec Province, the Scandinavians, Finns, and Russians, who all invaded a once prosperous countryside to make it their own. It is a familiar, undoubtedly tragic story. The daughters of the old families had married and left the farm, the sons had run away, the wives had gone mad, or died, or fled. Only the rigid, mean old men and an occasional insane woman were left in neglected houses and abandoned farms.

Farmer Emerson was not quite in the pattern, though like most of the old-timers he hated to give anyone a nickel and despised all foreigners. He had sold his cattle and consequently had $20,000 in the bank. Emerson's younger wife was to everyone's knowledge meeting a farmer in the woods who took the trouble to make love to her in the hope that she would force her daughter to sleep with him. The mother constantly accused her son of spending the night in his sister's bed, though the girl was engaged to a prosperous young French-Canadian. On her marriage eve the girl would have yielded to her brother if he had come to her room. When she had escaped to a happier life, the boy shot himself. The old man was left alone to die in his empty house.

This brief resume of "A Lamp for Nightfall" is worth pondering because it contains most of the Caldwell techniques for telling a gruesome, yet absorbing story, relieved only occasionally by a glimpse of primitive humor.



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Fiction Notes

THE HAYBURN FAMILY. By Guy McCrone. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. The Moorhouse clan is evidently destined to be Scotland's answer to Canada's proliferating Whiteoaks. They are a quieter lot, as you may remember from the author's earlier trilogy "Red Plush," or from "Aunt Bell," but they have their own sedate charm, a pleasant set of minor eccentricities, and every once in a while there's a brisk little tempest-in-the-teacup. The tempests this time largely revolve around Robin Hayburn (he's Henry's natural son whom Phoebe Moorhouse adopted when she married Henry). Robin is twenty and wants to go to the Riviera to write poetry. Since this is 1900 and his father is a self-made head of a shipbuilding firm, there is naturally trouble. But Robin does get off to the Riviera and not only writes there but also falls in love. More trouble. Most of this is cleared up by Phoebe's wisdom and understanding in a thoroughly satisfactory fashion.

This is the kind of novel to which people used to settle down with a nice box of chocolates. Do they still? Eat chocolates, I mean. Because certainly we're going to go on reading more about the Moorhouses. I, for one, am glad.

THE AGE OF LIGHT. By Donald Wetzel. Crown. $3.50. There is a deal of melodramatic action lurking in the murky background of Mr. Wetzel's second novel but you'll have to penetrate some pretty fancy prose to get to it. You will also have to put up with some fuzzy speculations about life, love, and frustration. Since the lives, loves, and frustrations are those of a family straight out of Kraft-Ebbing there may be some question as to how relevant they are to the problems of the man in the street. The story, to be flat-footed about it, has to do with the arbitrary doom Mr. Wetzel has chosen to visit upon a middle-class family with marked psychopathic tendencies. Pa is a compulsive eater, Ma is a compulsive near-nymphomaniac, and the older son is an unsuccessful embezzler. The real center of the family, and the story, is however the other son: he is an idiot. Before the story is over he gets himself burned to death in a nice symbolic conflagration set off by Stanley, a cousin who had an over-protective mother and didn't like the family lumber-yard.

Mr. Wetzel's style—which received, and deserved, considerable praise as used in his first novel—is here tortured, oblique, and full of ominous overtones. The calculated atmosphere of portent cannot quite conceal the empty inconsequence of the author's characters and the problems he has given them.

Guy McCrone: "tempest-in-the-teacup."

FRAIL BARRIER. By Philip Gillen. Vanguard. $3. Peter Justin, the hero of this latest novel with a South African background, has more troubles than any author should call upon a character to endure. A liberal lawyer with a position of monied prestige in Johannesburg, he has financial problems: his father left debts, he is living beyond his means, his best friend has gambled away some money for which Peter is responsible, his clerk is embezzling the office funds, and his creditor-enemies are baying at his heels. He also has amorous difficulties—with a friend's wife, whom he has seduced, and with his secretary, whom he wants to seduce. Finally there are these troublesome questions of principle and belief: What shall he do about racial prejudice and democracy? These last concerns you might expect to lend dignity to his tale. The author's feelings are solidly, if somewhat conventionally, on the side of the good, the true, and the just. Unfortunately he has worked everything out in so wooden a fashion, with such a bunch of irresponsible and unprepossessing characters, and in a prose as rhythmic as the grinding of a pepper-mill, that I doubt that you'll care to find out how it all comes out. I'll tell you: All right.

THE WEAK AND THE STRONG. By Julia Savarese. Putnam. $3.50. In this first novel, the opening part of a projected trilogy, Miss Savarese takes an Italian-American family through the opening years of the Depression and the early years of the New Deal. Joseph Dante's weakness is both spiritual and physical. Beaten by years of poverty and hunger he has given up the struggle, replaced ambition with false pride. By contrast Fortuna, his wife, and—at the book's end—Gino, his son just entering adolescence, are represented as the strong. They accept the fact of present poverty but never give up the fight to remove it as a future threat.

Miss Savarese has set down the sufferings and struggles of the Dantes in a prose that is occasionally overflorid but always moving and evocative. She has recaptured the sights, sounds, and smells of Depression-struck New York with a skilled if somewhat overextended use of detail. And she has engaged our affection for the Dante family and our concern for their future, which she is planning to discover to us. This first novel is a solid opening instalment, marred for me somewhat by the monotony of incident and the author's failure to connect her characters and their struggle with the larger political and economic currents of their time. This latter flaw may, however, be a deliberate part of her larger design.

MEETING AT THE MILESTONE. By Sigurd Heel. British Book Centre, New York. $3. Sigurd Heel's novel of Norwegian resistance is a slow-paced but continually interesting exploration into the roots of treason. The protagonist and narrator is a reliable member of the Norwegian underground during the years of Hitler's occupation. What, he wonders as he goes about his duties, caused so many of the companions of his youth to "go over," become collaborators. This novel is the story of his search into their common past for an answer. This reviewer cannot agree that the answer the author provides—that the restrictions the old impose on the young, the sense of sin and of guilt that is implanted account for both the individual traitor and for the power of Nazism—is either complete or satisfactory, but it is interesting and interestingly developed. The author has skilfully worked out his philosophical speculations in terms of dramatic and often suspenseful action. Occasionally his shifts in time are a little disconcerting, and occasionally the dramatic coincidences by which he ties the threads of the various lives together seem a little forced. But on the whole he has produced a thoughtful and thought-provoking novel.

—Edward J. Fitzgerald.

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A CALL FOR DIVERSITY

(Continued from page 15)

abridgement of this freedom would be a limitation of democracy as we understand it.

A service which is available to everyone on the same terms is obviously democratic; but it is necessary to abandon logic and common sense to maintain that other services which are available only at a price are for that reason undemocratic and therefore worthy of public censure. Given adequate means and an optional choice, a man will patronize a free public medical clinic not because it is democratic, but only because it offers a service better than his purse can buy. Without the means, his selection of the free clinic expresses not public spirit but necessity.

IT is sound American doctrine that a man is similarily free to choose whatever school he pleases for his children and for whatever reason, regardless of whether his reason seems good or bad to anybody else, or whether he prefers a good school or a bad one. It is essential to our purposes as a nation to preserve that freedom; to see to it that in a democracy men and women with ideas on the subject of education shall be free to organize them in a corporate project, just as they may in any other field of endeavor. If their ideas are abortive, if they do not take root, their projects will fail, and it is natural and proper that they should. Freedom to launch them, however, is so vitally important that it is the only justification needed for the right of a private school to exist in a democratic state.

"If a family," says Mr. Conant, "questions the ability of a high school to prepare a gifted boy adequately for university work, the family will have to balance these misgivings against the advantages to the boy of mixing with all sorts of people when he is young." Here we come upon the real nub of the issue. "Mixing with all sorts of people" is an educational experience. It is scarcely an adequate substitute for a superior academic program. It permits, furthermore, the inference that a poor public school is better than a good private school. In promoting sound national educational standards, in other words, a non-discriminatory admissions policy is not enough. American education is committed to nothing less than the full development of the capacities of every individual. The commitment is met only when those individual powers are in fact fully developed. If Americans are to realize the full possibilities of national democratic education, they must insist upon quality ahead of quantity. There is no magic formula by which the "melting pot" may be fused into sturdy molds. As Americans evaluate their educational system in point of quality, there is no basis for a valid distinction between public and private schools as such. The only useful distinction is the distinction between good schools and bad schools. Bad schools are a tragic waste of time and money whether the auspices under which they are conducted be private or public.

We need, as Mr. Conant says, religious tolerance. In the face of the rising tide of secularism we need religious conviction also. We need, as Mr. Conant says, belief in the rights of others, which, as far as I know, is being successfully inculcated in private schools as well as public. These ends are being reached in certain schools not because they are public or private, but because they are good.

If the private school regards itself as set apart from the whole national educational program, it can be of service to no one. If it conceives itself, however, to be an instrument of public service conducted under private auspices, it has important assets in the balance sheet of American education. It should approach its responsibilities, therefore, with humility, but with hope and confidence.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Paul Dombey, in "Dombey and Son," by Dickens. 2. Rebecca Sharp, in "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray. 3. Tom, in "The Water Babies," by Kingsley. 4. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë. 5. Huw Morgan, in "How Green Was My Valley," by Llewellyn. 6. Lord Saltire, in "The Adventure of the Priory School," by Doyle. 7. "The Late George Apley," by Marquand. 8. Amy March, in "Little Women," by Alcott. 9. Stewart Barnes, in "The Bulwark," by Dreiser. 10. Stalky, in "Stalky & Co." by Kipling.

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE WORLD ON PAPER

THE afternoon sun glinted across 42nd Street in New York and a ray stole into the third floor of the Public Library's big white granite building that faces on Fifth Avenue. It cast a friendly glow across the contour maps of the Catskill and Adirondack mountains spread out on the table in front of the boy. He pored over the lines, the symbols, and the figures, and to him they became pine-covered mountains, trails carpeted with brown needles, and vales washed by trout streams. Two canes hung over the back of his chair, for the boy walked now with great difficulty, but on fine days, especially in spring, his eye danced over the maps, and he found himself hiking along the trails with a sure and steady stride.

The map room in New York's Public Library is a center of dreams and plans and expectations, even of memories. It is, without doubt, the busiest map room in the world. It may play host with equal hospitality to an historical novelist seeking the location of fifteenth-century Turkish villages and to a Federal agent on the trail of a bank robber suspected to be planning a heist in Philadelphia. It has given instructions on how to proceed to Flatbush to a bewildered Brooklyn lady calling from a mid-town phone booth in Manhattan. An afternoon might bring it a troupe of maudlin White Russians come to shed nostalgic tears over a map of the homeland. Recently, a burnished outdoorsman was observed wrinkling his brow over a seventeenth-century Dutch map of Florida. He was looking, he confided after a swift glance left and right, for a 200-year-old treasure he believed was lying in the waters off the West Coast of Florida.

The library's forest of green filing cabinets contains well over 200,000 sheet maps and some 3,500 atlases. They range from an ordinary gas station variety map of California to a geological map of the Steiglitz Gold Field in Victoria, Australia. There are outline maps, aerial views, photo maps, cartoon maps, a map showing Sherman's march to the sea, and another giving the location of Ethiopian settlements in the year 1683.

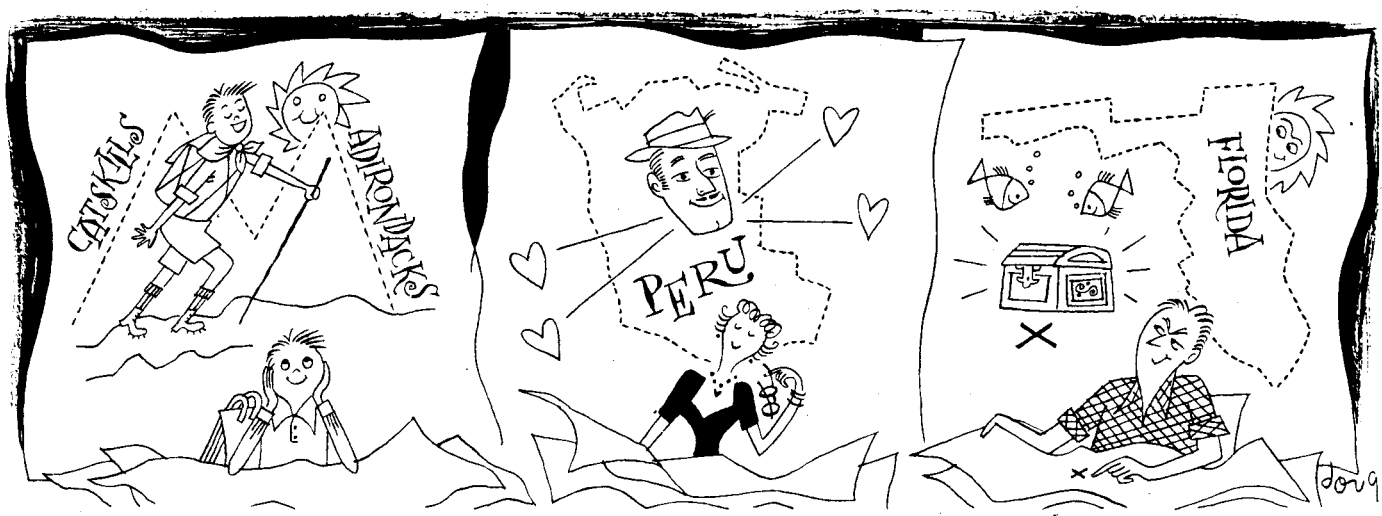
A walking index to the map room's treasures is a chubby young Scot named Gerard Alexander who has been looking at maps ever since his mother hung a few along the staircase of their home in Edinburgh when he was nine. At thirteen he was drawing a Mercator projection from memory and his class master at Edinburgh Academy had conveyed to his parents his unusual talent in the field. "I was always keen about drawing maps," Alexander says, snapping out the burr like a drum roll. "At thirteen I put Shanghai in Japan. Cardinal error, it was."

In the British Army for three years, Alexander became a tank officer, then an intelligence officer specializing in maps. He was a lieutenant around Dunkirk, interpreting captured German maps for minefields, and later got a quick trip to Moscow. "A pure fluke it was, and awfully secret." At war's end he dropped down to Charles University in Prague for a course in cartography and stayed to aid in re-establishing the State map collection of the Czechoslovakian Republic. Later he joined the preparatory committee of the U. N. and was in on the Paris Peace Conference in 1946. Of his work there he says simply, "When somebody wanted an ethnographic map or a demographic map I went and got it."

He followed the U. N. to Lake Success, and later when an opening appeared he was appointed cartographer of the New York Public library. Tender about his years, which are few and of a number he would prefer not to discuss, Alexander is given to somber suits and dark, neatly-tied ties. He casts the reflection of a young actor imperfectly cast in the role of a well-settled, well-to-do Park Avenue medical practitioner. With facility and the tremor of a burr, he speaks French, German, Russian, Czech, and Slovak. "I can get around in about sixteen languages all told," he says, the sixteen including such esoteric tongues as Wendic, spoken by a small German-Czech tribe who live south of Berlin.

THE aim of Alexander and his boss, Gerald MacDonald, chief of the American History Division and acting chief of the Map Division, is merely to help solve the everyday problems of the reading public. Such problems might include that of a young lady who came in recently to read up on Peru so that she could speak intelligently to a Peruvian gentleman with whom she had a date the ensuing Saturday. They encompass the plight of a poetess writing some lines about coastal Virginia who was forced to consult a topographic map to find a stream with a certain rhyme. (Finding none she made one up.)

Society ladies have come in to have old maps appraised, hay fever sufferers are forever seeking elevated retreats from ragweed, candy chain stores planning a new shop ask for real estate plans, officers from the



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Immigration Service about to deport an undesirable alien search for the town to deport him to. The everyday problems of the public take in travelers making up their own itineraries, pensioners looking for a place to retire in Florida where the fishing is good, and stenographers asking for the correct spelling of Lake Pennesseewassee in Maine, not to mention Mooselookmeguntic and Wytopitlock Stream. The library's atlases and maps will show the natural gas and oil areas of Indiana and also that the former name of Beaver Lake in that State was Sagayiganuhnickyug.

TO solve these and other "everyday problems of the reading public," Cartographer Alexander can call into play such rare specimens as a 1538 Mercator projection, one of two copies in existence. Based on the reports of Marco Polo, Columbus, and Vespucci, it is the first dated map to carry the name "America." In the green metal files, too, is a 1728 map of New York City, dedicated to "His Excellency John Montgomerie, Esq., Captain, General, and Governor-in-Chief of New York and New Jersey." It charts the city as far as Market Street, now an obscure route under Manhattan Bridge. Chambers Street to the west, now virtually a Manhattan extremity, was open country. Other ancient maps show St. Augustine, Florida, in 1586, Boston in 1722, and tucked away is a 1510 globe discovered in Paris 100 years ago, and believed to be the first made following the discovery of Columbus.

The Map Room's rarer specimens will go on display from June 17 through November 17 at the Public Library in New York in an exhibition called "The World on Paper." Some seventy maps will be hung in honor of the Seventeenth Geographical Congress, which will be meeting in Washington for two weeks this August.

Once his map show is in high gear and he has had a look at the Congress, Alexander is off on an eight-country, thirty-two-day junket through Europe as conductor of American Travel Company's Library Tour. Although his trip is purely a busman's holiday for busmen, Alexander is undaunted. He never really leaves the world of maps and books, anyway. He has spent his recent spare-time drawing, lettering, and illustrating a mammoth "nickname map" of the United States, which in cartoon and legend gives the familiar names of states and cities. He also has a continuing odd-moment job working for a philatelist whose hobby is collecting three-cent stamps issued in 1851. The stamp man

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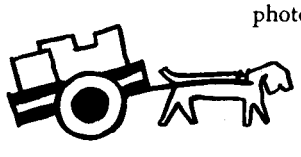

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employs Alexander to write a brief history of the railroad which services the cities whose post office canceled three-cent stamps in 1851. "Nothing very unusual about it at all," Alexander says, leaving the impression that you are rather unusual yourself for looking so perplexed.

—HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

ROME AND A VILLA. By Eleanore Clark. Doubleday. $4. In effect Miss Clark has written several different papers on things Italian which are delivered here between hard covers. She has turned in some sketches about Rome's monuments and ruins and fountains, a piece about Salvatore Giuliano, the Sicilian bandit, a long business about Hadrian's villa, which is a 2,000-year-old emperor's country estate outside Rome, something about 1950's Holy Year, and something else about Guiseppe Belli, a Roman poet who died in 1863. Indeed, Miss Clark has put just about everything in the soup except the Tiber. The result is a work that is rather special, certain to excite those who excite readily about Italy, certain to pall on those who don't care a *fichi d'India* about it. She is at her best telling the saga of Salvatore Giuliano, one part Jesse James, one part Robin Hood, one part Sicilian legend, although some sticklers may wonder, and with reason, what the young desperado-adventurer is doing in a book on Rome. She is most trying when wandering on about Roman stones and Roman history in a patois intelligible only to those with a working knowledge of Roman stones and Roman history. Frequently in these passages there is no effort at a discipline of sentence and syntax. Witness this:

> Along the old road to the north that starts from here, the Via Aurelia Antica, that drowsy sunken lane that leads you out of the city as from a secret garden that you have come upon by accident and will probably never find again, runs the aqueduct begun by Augustus to bring the water in from Lake Bracciano, and called at different times the Alsietina and the Trainana; then in the Renaissance when all the spigots and faucets began being turned on again it became the Aqua Paolo, after the pope whose arch straddles the road with that charming Roman air of having a purpose, where none is visible or imaginable.

On the other hand, she frequently does rich things with figures of speech: "It was Olympus on the move, shrewd

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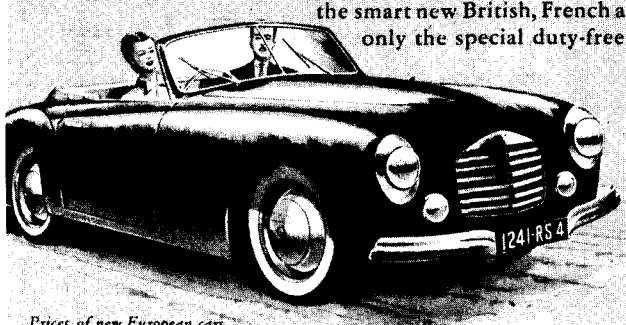

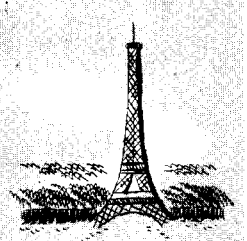

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and mobile as a newspaperman." Or, speaking of the Roman buildings now crowded by modern encroachments: ". . . you are not allowed to admire at all it is as though a giant mother were squashing you to her breast."

Her piece on the fabulous country villa built by the Emperor Hadrian reconstructs his character and temperament from the ancient ruins, focuses on every tiny detail down to the thinnest nuance in the colors of mosaics. It is a masterful work if one has the interest to stay with it. Recent visitors to Rome may quibble about the possibility of a family of six riding a *vespa* (which is a motor scooter), or just why the sight of an American refusing a beggar is so "outlandish," or why the powerful Ardeatine monument is so tasteless. But dismiss this as carping, and say in sum that Clark's Rome is as rich as a Cassata Siciliana, but if you pick and choose among the bits of candied fruit, the marshmallows, the marrons, and the other embellishments, it may sit with you pretty well. This presumes, of course, that you like the stuff in the first place.

—H. S.

WORLD WIDE TRAVEL GUIDE. By Richard Joseph. Doubleday. $3.50. Two years ago *Esquire*'s Richard Joseph published the first postwar guidebook to the visitable countries of the globe. "Your Trip Abroad" must have met the success it deserved. Now he offers about a hundred pages of general advice on where to go, how to get there, and how to remain respectably clad, solvent, and healthy during your stay. (The tips on health, a new feature, are by the American Medical Association's ubiquitous Dr. Morris Fishbein.) Then follow practical suggestions, country-by-country, on what to see and how to see it in the lands west of the Iron Curtain, plus Bermuda, the West Indies, Central and South America, and Hawaii. For good measure he has added chapters on four new haunts popular with Americans: Spain, Western Germany, Israel, and Finland. (As a disenchanted visitor to Spain, I could not help feeling he was a bit victimized there by his boundless good will.) Such lands as Japan, Yugoslavia, and North Africa, which are beginning to beckon to Americans, remain to be discussed in a later edition. The inside of the dust-jacket is inscribed with a guide to foreign currencies that deserves a place in every traveler's wallet. Mr. Joseph's witty style shows off best when he has room to expand himself—for example, in his new "Your Trip to Britain" (*SR*, April 12)—but even on a breathless trip around the world in 400 pages he is a helpful companion.

—Raymond Walters, Jr.

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BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page 21*)

ing. It is a pleasant jest, but does not quite explain the difference between Stephen's self-satisfaction and Clough's desperate, satiric pain. How is it that Matthew Arnold, ten years his senior, can appreciate Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," while Stephen finds Balzac and Thomas Hardy shocking? How is it that Swinburne can accept Lamettrie's "L'Homme Machine" and the works of the "divine marquis" while Leslie Stephen, in his voluminous writing on philosophy never, so far as I remember, dealt honestly with Bernard Mandeville's "Private Vices Made Public Benefits" (1703)? Again his distaste for foreign literature might have been assumed to illustrate Matthew Arnold's parable of the Philistine; what appreciation did he show for the critical work of his younger contemporary George Saintsbury, whose width of interest makes Stephen look like a Victorian governess? Mr. Annan is probably right in suggesting that here there is a relation between Stephen's prudery and his acceptance of the economics of the comfortable classes. His early interest in politics ceased apparently when he left Cambridge in 1864; his political world, in spite of Ruskin whom he knew and was scared of, was divided into old-fashioned Whig and Tory. It is curious to remember that, as he was leaving Cambridge, there was just in residence a youth called Edward Carpenter who was also to be a lapsed parson, and whose "Towards Democracy" and "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure" meant much to the younger generation. But Carpenter posed moral and political problems which Stephen ignored; his children and their friends might be indifferent but could not ignore them. It is tragic that they were to get no help towards solving the problems from that honorable but shackled thinker, Leslie Stephen.

Belles-Lettres Notes

MY HEART LAID BARE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Charles Baudelaire. Translated by Norman Cameron. Vanguard. $3.50. This excellently translated collection has as introduction a remarkably lucid essay by its editor, Peter Quennell, which places the pieces in the context of Baudelaire's thought and career. One of the longest and most illuminating pieces, on the painter Constantin Guys as "The Painter of Modern Life," opens with a statement of Baudelaire's esthetic: that beauty in art has an eternal, invariable element (difficult to assess) and a relative, circumstantial one. In his analysis of Guys he confines himself to painting, but his sound rule could be applied equally to other forms of art, including literature. With the same clear-eyed vision Baudelaire explores the effects of a drug with his piece entitled "The Poem of Hashish." It is a worthy companion to De Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater,"

which he admired and adapted. It also exhibits the sort of interest we would expect from the poet of "Flowers of Evil," his collection of poems that shocked his contemporaries as much as it influenced poets of subsequent generations. In the present collection we have some of his prose poems, a genre—if such a loose form can be called that—which he invented; and there is also a generous selection from his notebooks and journals, including "My Heart Laid Bare," the notes for his autobiography. Altogether these pieces offer us a far more extensive and accurate picture of a poet whose mind and art are wider than his popular poems alone indicate.

SAMUEL BUTLER'S NOTEBOOKS. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes and Brian Hill. Dutton. $3.75. One of Butler's entries in his "Note Books" reads, "I hope no one will think I thought all the stupid titles and subjects I have jotted down in these notes to be good or even tolerable," for (as he explains) they were merely starting points whose contexts and developments he often forgot. This newest selection from his notes, most of them previously published, is a mixed lot, but so varied and usually so brief that they make no great demands on the reader's patience or his tolerance.

Many of the notes expound ideas which Butler used in his important novels, "Erewhon," published during his lifetime (and too popular for the comfort of his other works), and the posthumous "Way of All Flesh." He heartily disliked vested interests of all forms, and so here, as in his novels, are his gibes at religious, educational, and familial institutions. His comments on people he met, Shaw for example, are amusing, for his bias is balanced by his candor. Among the most interesting entries are those where he records in brief, vivid snapshots his impression of a person, an episode, or merely an overheard remark. But most of them are the record of the intellectual twitching of his wide-ranging mind.

At his worst his wisdom degenerates into whimsy. Frequently his epigrams fall flat, for he thought that any platitude turned upside down became an epigram. Oscar Wilde had the knack of choosing those that worked that way; Butler usually failed. The editors of this collection have very considerately provided an index, which can serve as a guide to the intolerant reader.

THE CLOAK THAT I LEFT: A Biography of H. Rider Haggard. By Lilias Rider Haggard. British Book Centre. $4. Rider Haggard was a prolific writer of adventure romances which in their atmosphere and characterization are superior to most novels of that type. Born into a Norfolk squire's family he was sent to South Africa at the age of nineteen on a government assignment, and in his six years there he observed the Zulu people with the sympathetic understanding that came to fruition in his tales, which he wrote after his return to England. His marriage, the responsibilities of a growing family, and his manorial ambitions had led him to try his hand at writing. With "King Solomon's Mines," which was the result of a writing challenge from his brother, he hit the jackpot, and almost to the end of his career he continued to hear the jingle of coin.

Now, twenty-six years after his death, his daughter has written an admirable biography. It is not a monument of filial piety but an interesting, readable memoir (in which she hardly appears). Using his letters, notebooks, and diaries—as well as his two-volume autobiography, "The Days of My Life"—she has drawn an impartial portrait that clearly shows the man, his mind, and his full career crowded with writing, travels, duties on government commissions, and abundant family sorrow and joy. One of the unusual qualities of the book is that Miss Haggard's fluent and expressive style is so much like her father's that it blends with the excerpts from his letters and notebooks, and makes for a unified, moving narrative.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

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NEW EDITIONS

"MAN ON HIS NATURE," consisting of the Gifford Lectures delivered by Sir Charles Sherrington at Edinburgh in 1937-8, has been issued in a revised edition (6th) by the Cambridge University Press. Beginning with an examination of the ideas of Jean Fernel, sixteenth-century philosopher and physician to Henri II of France—and constantly referring back to Fernel—Sir Charles instructs us in the nature of man as it is now seen in the light of a natural science that refuses to distinguish between living and non-living matter, defines all matter as electrical energy, discards causation, believes that in nature's hierarchy there is "no clear lower limit to mind," knows nothing of good or evil, or of absolute time or absolute space, and seeks in every way to view the world in which we find ourselves with a clarity undistorted and "un-anthropized," as far as possible, by our human egocentricity.

Sir Charles is a genial guide, as eloquent as he is learned, to the wonder-world that is ourselves and our "surround." When he writes of the incredibly complicated mechanics of our vision, of the roof-brain, or of the miracle of man's cellular development, he is a literary as well as a scientific master. And he is never more eloquent than when, after pointing out that incipient human altruism is a new thing in nature and almost a denial of the way by which we came—that our ethical judgments set us apart from all else in nature—he insists that man must rely on his own values, and by his doing so lend a purpose to the planet's multifarious making—a making that was, before our advent, blind. "We have, because human, an inalienable prerogative of responsibility which we cannot devolve, no, not as was once thought, even upon the stars. We can share it only with each other."

Alfred Jules Ayer's "Language, Truth and Logic" (Dover, $3), first published in 1936 and furnished with a new introduction in 1946, is a famous statement of logical positivism. It is also a fighting, uncompromising statement. The author asserts that belief in a supra-sensible world "is not even false but senseless," that the labors of all the metaphysicians who have ever lived have been devoted to the "production of nonsense," that there are "no absolutely certain empirical propositions"—only tautologies are certain—and that "the function of the philosopher is not to devise speculative theories which require to be validated in experience, but to elicit the consequences of our linguistic usages." All philosophical questions are purely logical questions, and logic does not permit the continued existence of "party divisions among philosophers."

Very much on the other side of the fence stands Wilbur Marshall Urban, whose "Language and Reality" has been reissued by Macmillan ($6.50). According to Professor Urban, metaphysics is the antithesis of nonsense. Like M. Jourdain, who spoke prose without knowing it, "everyone is talking metaphysics without knowing it." Metaphysics is not only possible but necessary—"only when supplemented by metaphysical discourse can ordinary discourse, whether in poetry, science, or religion, be made intelligible." "The cosmological propositions of science all trench on the metaphysical, and if metaphysics is impossible, so also is science except in a very truncated form." A philosophy, if it is to be valid, must be "beyond realism and idealism. It must be beyond the distinction or opposition in the sense at least that it must include both."

The Yale University Press gives us a fine edition of a famous metaphysical work, Leibniz's "Theodicy" ($6.50), translated by E. M. Huggard, and edited, with a lucid introduction, by Austin Farrer. Dover has reprinted "The Chief Works of Benedict Spinoza" ($3.95), originally translated by R. H. M. Elwes for the Bohn Library. To those of us who first met Spinoza in the drab Bohn binding, this volume comes as an old friend in a new dress. "Spinoza Dictionary" (Philosophical Library, $5), edited by Dagobert D. Runes, sets forth Spinoza's ideas, in his words, under subject-headings alphabetically arranged. Mary Martin, of "South Pacific," has written a simple, sincere foreword to Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of God Is Within You" (Page, $3).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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AMERICANA

(*Continued from page 19*)

such an affliction as an accidentally crippled arm or leg.

Unhappily Mr. Cameron, who has plainly worked hard to produce a trustworthy, factual, biographical record of Cottrell's important contributions to the welfare of us all, has failed—in this reviewer's opinion—to perceive that Cottrell repeatedly turned his back on his greatest opportunity to do what he deeply wished to do—serve mankind.

A Changed People

REFUGEES OF REVOLUTION. By Carl F. Wittke. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 384 *pp.* $6.

By Claude M. Fuess

THIS book by the dean of the Graduate School of Western Reserve University, like A. E. Zucker's "The Forty-Eighters" of two years ago, evidences a modern and dispassionate appreciation of the part played by immigrants of German stock in the development of our American culture. The actual number of political refugees from the abortive German revolution of 1848 was rather small; but the total German immigration to this country mounted from 62,684 in 1848 to 229,562 in the peak year of 1854. Some of the newcomers, like Carl Schurz, were political exiles, but many were discontented workers who were hoping to better their economic condition, and they were of all types, highly educated university graduates as well as illiterate artisans. A few even were minor criminals released on the understanding that they would leave for America. Once arrived and settled, they were often described as "damned Dutch." As a child in a little village in the Mohawk Valley, I was nicknamed "Dutch" by my playmates because of my German ancestry, and the name followed me to college. Carl Schurz, the most distinguished of the "Forty-Eighters," was often referred to contemptuously as "that Dutchman."

It is unlikely that anyone will probe more deeply than Dean Wittke into the record made by these exiles. He has read widely in the contemporary German language newspapers and has exhausted all of the normal and many of the obscure sources of information. He includes one fascinating chapter on what he calls "Latin farmers," meaning lawyers, professors, doctors, and other "intellectuals" who, without any practical knowledge of agriculture, undertook the art of farming and thus aroused the curiosity and pity of their neighbors. The impact of a foreign group of journalists, soldiers, and amateur politicians on American life was powerful and, on the whole, salutary. They were often highly critical of what they found and even planned a reconstruction of the republic. But although by no means unanimous or united, they were on the whole devoted to law and order and became active citizens. The number of native Germans in the Union Army during the Civil War has been estimated as high as 216,000. Led by Carl Schurz, the immigrants condemned slavery and took a decisive share in the nomination and election of Lincoln in 1860. So rapidly were they assimilated that the second generation usually spoke English without an accent; and their descendants include some of our ablest leaders in war and peace.

Dean Wittke half apologizes for the fact that his narrative becomes at times "almost an encyclopedia of names;" but through this method he establishes his thesis that the "Forty-Eighter" group was not only larger than is ordinarily supposed but also entered many different fields. Certainly one finishes this scholarly volume with a new conception of the extent and depth of the influence of these immigrants on social, intellectual, and esthetic life in the United States.

If the scope of his project had permitted, Dean Wittke could have pointed out that the descendants of these "Forty-Eighters" were rarely "hyphenated Americans." Indeed, they almost forgot their Fatherland in their determination to improve the country of their adoption. Americans are a mongrel people, tracing their origins to various racial stocks. Of these contributions to the melting-pot none has been more energizing than that which came from Germany in the years following 1848.

Although Dean Wittke has written in part "for serious scholars of the history of immigration," his book has a wider significance and will attract anybody interested in the cultural trends of the United States before, during, and directly after the War Between the States. By 1870 the full force of the movement had been spent, and most of the exiles had become part of "the comfortable, middle-class society which is the backbone of America."

Claude M. Fuess, headmaster of Philipps Academy at Andover from 1933 *to* 1947, *is the author of a biography of Carl Schurz and other* books.

"Oklahoma Erasmus"

HOW WE ELECT OUR PRESIDENTS. By Will Rogers. Selected and edited by Donald Day. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 175 *pp.* $2.75.

By John T. Winterich

THIS book, quite legitimately, is keyed to the moment. It had to be put out this year, at least under this title. Forget the title, though, and it could come out any year. For the conviction grows, in reading it, that Will Rogers has taken on permanence and universality. The passage of the years has simply divested him of his props; the drawling rope-thrower stands revealed as a social philosopher of the first magnitude.

A little more than two years ago, Mr. Day compiled "The Autobiography of Will Rogers" out of Rogers's syndicated material and his contributions to *The Saturday Evening Post.* The new book, which is distinctly not a digest of the earlier, is garnered from the same sources. (It would be possible to compile similar collections of Rogersiana concerned with medicine, the theatre, education, agriculture, industry, finance, American mores, and a hundred other headings.)

When President Truman remarked, off the cuff (and he wears a most indiscreet cuff), that primaries are eyewash, he was paraphrasing Will Rogers's assertion that politics is applesauce. But Will Rogers must have loved applesauce. Certainly he regarded politics, and not baseball or poker, as the national pastime—a great player sport and a greater spectator sport.

"How We Elect Our Presidents" surveys the American political scene from June 1920 through July 1935—from the last days of the second Wilson Administration through Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, into the first years of the first Roosevelt Administration. But why prattle on about a book when, thanks to its construction, the book is perfectly able to speak for itself?

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ART

(Continued from page 36)

tions of student work at the Art Students League—the only specific group of American abstractionists mentioned. A case can undoubtedly be made against a "peculiarly American pseudo-modern art," but if it's to be a fair trial of the "peculiarly American," the "authentic-modern" artists should be examined too. These get no attention. Nine pages would have been enough for an infinitely more conscientious study—whether sympathetic or not—of the American scene. The contemporary abstract artist, who has enough irrelevant suspicion to contend with as it is, will be confronted with a little more by the readers of this book if they believe everything they read.

Art Book Notes

ANTE-BELLUM MANSIONS OF ALABAMA. By Ralph Hammond. Architectural Book Publishing Co. New York: $10. According to Ralph Hammond, the architecture of ante-bellum Alabama "had for its goal unadorned beauty, lasting dignity, boldness toned with grandeur, quality of line and form and grace, magnificence of conception, and a profound goodness and permanence of construction." What's more, Mr. Hammond is sure that the promise was performed. You might guess from all this that the author is a loyal Alabamian, and indeed he is. Camera in hand he has trudged from one end of his native state to the other collecting odd bits of information concerning the builders of the fifty houses he singles out as the noblest of the noble.

This was a job worth doing, and every tourist this spring to Natchez and New Orleans will be wise if he slips this book in the glove compartment of his car, next to the road maps and the latest issues of Duncan Hines. For it would be a mistake to pass up "Gaineswood," the Whitefield mansion at Demopolis, as well as the other houses which happened to be within reach.

These tourists are bound to be impressed by the homes Mr. Hammond admires even if they can't agree that the architecture of Alabama deserves each and every superlative which the author bestows. On a hot afternoon it is hard to believe that the next house is sure to be even more magnificent than the last. For that matter, it isn't quite clear in this reviewer's mind why the Alabama Great Southern is hailed as "one of the South's greatest railroads of today." With all due respect to the AGS, it is, so "Poor's Manual" reports, wholly owned by the Southern Railway.

THE CITY OF LONDON: A Record of Destruction and Survival. By W. G. Holford. British Book Centre. $5.50. The piteous sigh you overheard last night may have been the last gasp of a conscientious city planner, and no wonder, for urging the powers that

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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DATE WITH DANGER *Maysie Greig* (Random House: $2.50)	Beautician on French luxury liner gets involved with gem-lifting set; ensuing murder wrapped up by Sureté agent.	Switcheroo of look-alike sisters hams up plot; characters in general on woodeny side.	Corny
EVIL BECAME THEM *Pat Root* (S&S: $2.50)	Decadent family on West Indies isle loathes stepmother, who quits breathing.	Dialogues too extended and on ingenuous order; personnel as mechanical as unpleasant.	Too long
TO THE TUNE OF MURDER *Helen Mabry Ballard* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	Rich meanie (female) in NY suburb bashed in head; cops and youthful DA, friends of family, take over.	Easy-on-the-pulse yarn, slow-paced but nicely put together.	Placid but pleasant
TRIPLE JEOPARDY *Rex Stout* (Viking: $2.50)	Trio of novelettes involving Communists, barbers, and comic-strippers; Nero Wolfe takes whole thing in stride.	Archie Goodwin, exec. officer, has usual tiffs with chief; Inspector Cramer testy as ever; handling machine-tooled.	Three square meals

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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be to save a breathing space in our cities calls for more tact and perseverance than were ever demonstrated by a radiator salesman in Darkest Africa. Perhaps no American was more aware of the obstacles confronting our planners than the late Thomas Hastings, the architect of the New York Public Library. Hoping against hope that skyscrapers would never dwarf the Library, he launched a committee to limit the height of Manhattan's buildings to five stories, only to discover that one of his committee members was the lucky holder of a contract to build one of the biggest skyscrapers yet. So he gave up in disgust before he had the chance to argue the lawmakers into his point of view.

City planners who have no idea of abandoning the struggle can't afford to miss these proposals for rebuilding the City of London. Written without a trace of vehemence, they are so subtle a contribution to the art of persuasion that they may be read and re-read with profit by all Americans who are as eager as these Englishmen for the decent enjoyment of daylight, the preservation of buildings of historic and artistic interest, the elimination of traffic jams, and all the other aims of the profession.

But city planners aren't the only ones who will enjoy this book. Americans who cherish the memory of London before the war will be thankful for the detailed, richly illustrated account of the buildings that were blasted. Though twenty of the forty-seven churches in the City were damaged, though one-third of this, the financial center of London and the Empire, was destroyed, the authors have risen above the temptation to be indignant. —WAYNE ANDREWS.

THE CASE FOR RELIGIOUS SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 14)

their creed, have had to receive an education. I hope that sometime a speaker at an NEA convention will find it in his heart to refer to this kind of work when he is talking about "democracy" and "American principle." Perhaps, too, some sense of chivalry will prompt him, before he announces that the State must monopolize all education, to recall something of what independent, private, and religious schools tried to do before the modern State developed its desire to educate all children without exception and without reference to other than secular values.

President Conant tells us that "the greater the proportion of our young who attend independent schools, the greater the threat to our democratic unity." He tells us that private high schools operated along economic or religious lines endanger "the American principle of a single public school system for all youth." One wonders why a principle allegedly so basic only holds good with respect to primary and secondary schools. Can it be that President Conant intends to recommend that his own university and like universities be turned over to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts or to the Federal Government so that they become "citizens' colleges," to be operated in accordance with this newly-found "American principle of a single public school system for all youth"? Should those colleges and universities which are now independent become State colleges and universities, turning over their holdings to the State coffers and surrendering to State commissions the appointment of their faculties, the control of their curricula, the direction of their research, and the establishment alike of their standards and their spirit? By such a procedure "divisive attitudes" might be eliminated from American society and the so-called "dualism" in the field of education would certainly give way to a strictly monolithic educational system under State monopoly—but much more would also be lost which scholarship, civilization, and "democracy" prefer to keep.

I DO not believe that Dr. Conant would make such a proposal. I think he would decide, upon reflection, that there are *some* grounds for maintaining one's own schools, even if he does not admit grounds of conscience. He would probably protest that such regimentation, when applied to a university, is Fascism—and in this he would be quite right. It is strict totalitarianism—"everything in the State, nothing outside the State"—which is why Fascism of every stripe opposes private and parochial schools and always demands a single State school system without independent competition, challenge, or rival of any kind.

But just as the things which constituted "Americanism" in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries are also somewhat "American" in the twentieth, so Fascism in the twelfth grade is Fascism in the eighth, and what would be Fascism on the university level is Fascism if required down through the rest of the school system. Perhaps the most important political contribution that the private school, operated for religious or other reasons, makes here in America at the moment is the witness it bears to the independence of the mind and soul of a *person* in the face of the omnipotent modern state.

We build our schools out of the desire to include the knowledge of God in the minds of our children together with their knowledge of all things else. We declare war on no one's schools. On the contrary, to the extent that any school provides that sound education which is a prerequisite of political freedom and of spiritual growth, we wish it well. But we reserve the right, both as Christians and as Americans, to promote the common good and to seek the salvation of our children through our own schools whenever and wherever these may be needed.

"George, do we have $1,250 in the bank?"

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POSITION AS SECRETARY, companion or governess with people going to Bayreuth Festival sought by young teacher. Telephone CLoverdale 6-2004 (NYC).

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TWO HOUSES on 1 acre, $23,500. One Colonial, 6 rooms, century old. One 3 rooms, new and modern. Others 6,000 and up. Telephone George Olesen, CRoton 14550 (N. Y.) or Box K-559.

For Rent

FOR RENT: Modern 2-bedroom ranch home near Oak Creek Canyon. $125 monthly. Terms longer period. BUBBLING POND RANCH, Cornville, Arizona.

For Summer Rental

FOR RENT: Secluded cottage, private estate; 2 adults, $500 season—weekends $300. Box K-510.

SUMMER RENTAL $500. Maine farmhouse, guesthouse. 2 baths, overlooking Penobscot Bay. Box K-435.

CHATHAM, MASS., shore cottage. July 1 through Labor Day. 7 bedrooms, 3 fireplaces, bath, lavatory, shower, screened porch, frigidaire, gas stove; living, dining rooms. Reply: Box 478, Litchfield, Conn.

VERMONT SUMMER? Century-old house, all conveniences. 2 months. $200; 3, $250. Duane Barnes, Stowe, Vt.

SOUTHERN VERMONT SUMMER RENTAL $450. Hillside farmhouse comfortably modernized. 4 bedrooms, bath. Accessibly secluded. Write: Gilfeather, East Jamaica, Vt.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

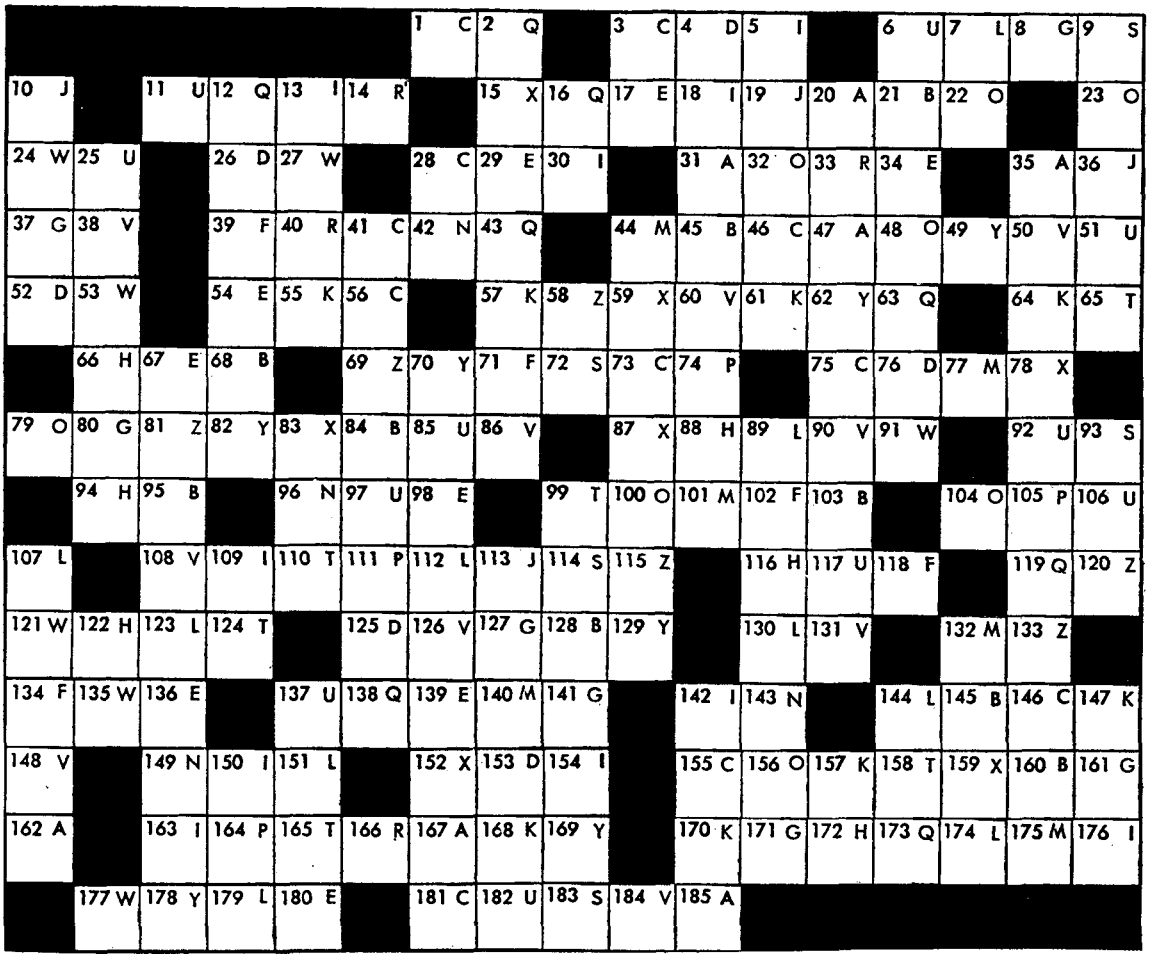
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Extreme nervousness.	35 167 162 185 20 47 31
B. Outweighs.	145 45 160 103 84 68 128 21 95
C. Having lofty arches (comp.).	3 1 155 28 46 75 181 41 146 56 73
D. Ancient; antique (figuratively).	52 76 4 153 26 125
E. Popular overture, all that is left of an opera by Von Weber.	98 139 180 17 29 34 54 67 136
F. An acute and rugged crest of a mountain range (geog.).	39 71 102 134 118
G. Men of learning.	161 171 8 80 127 141 37
H. Chief master of the Venetian school (1477-1576).	116 88 66 94 122 172
I. Place in England where the Derby is run.	154 109 5 150 163 176 142 18 13 30
J. Ancestor of David (Bib.).	10 36 113 19
K. Current author of basis of the musical drama, "South Pacific".	170 64 57 55 147 168 157 61
L. Urgent; obligatory.	130 123 144 7 151 112 107 174 89 179
M. American historian, Pulitzer prize winner in biography, 1933 and 1937.	175 44 101 132 140 77

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. A rock composed of the finer kinds of volcanic detritus, etc.	96 42 149 143
O. Quite (colloq.; 2 wds.).	22 79 32 156 48 23 100 104
P. Cheer words.	111 164 105 74
Q. Small European flounders, etc.	2 12 119 173 16 138 43 63
R. Cupbearer of the gods before Ganymede (Gr. relig.).	166 33 40 14
S. The flower.	9 72 183 93 114
T. An autocrat.	165 158 110 65 124 99
U. Pretentious (colloq.).	97 92 11 117 137 106 85 182 25 51 6
V. In the main.	126 184 38 108 60 86 131 50 90 148
W. American journalist and European correspondent, now writer (1901-).	53 24 121 27 135 177 91
X. A sound of repeated tapping or knocking (comp.).	87 83 78 59 159 15 152
Y. Turned back or unfolded (bot.).	62 178 70 129 82 49 169
Z. Oriental oblong cloth articles of attire for head, neck, or waist.	133 58 120 69 81 115

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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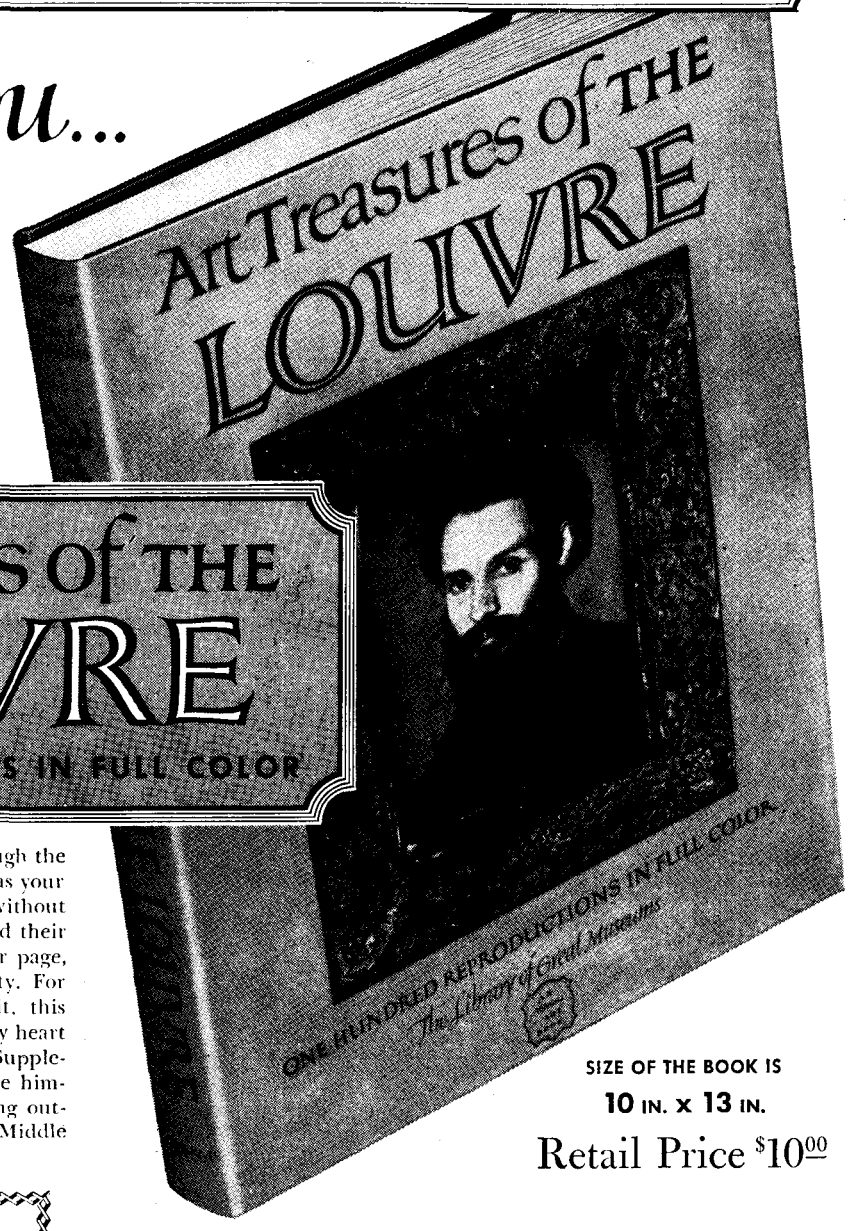

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